

The Academy and Literature.

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1557. Established 1869. London: 8 March, 1902.

Price Threepence

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH will contribute an Introduction to a new edition of Lady Duff Gordon's *Letters from Egypt*. The volume will include the "Last Letters."

MR. DOBELL is about to publish a little book which will interest admirers of Oliver Goldsmith. He has discovered that when *The Traveller* was first published, in December, 1764, it was not making its first appearance in print. A considerable portion of it had been printed some time before, under the title of *A Prospect of Society*. This, however, differed very greatly, in its text and in the arrangement of its verses, from *The Traveller*. Thus, the well-known lines,

I see the lords of human kind pass by
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye—

stand thus in *A Prospect of Society*:

I see the lords of mankind pass me by
With haughty port, defiance in their eye.

Many of the alterations are very curious, and throw a good deal of light on Goldsmith's methods of workmanship. Mr. Dobell dedicates the book to Mr. Austin Dobson.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND Co. have in preparation a Popular Library of Art, planned expressly for the general public. The two first volumes of the series, on *Albrecht Dürer*, by Lina Eckenstein, and *Rossetti*, by Ford Madox Hueffer, will be ready next month. They will be followed by volumes on *Rembrandt*, by Auguste Bréal, and *Fred Walker*, by Clementina Black. Others in preparation are: *Millet*, by Romain Rolland; *Leonardo da Vinci*, by Dr. Georg Gronau; *Cruikshank*, by W. H. Chesson; *Hogarth*, by Edward Garnett; *Botticelli*, by Mrs. Henry Ady; and *Wilkie*, by G. K. Chesterton. Each volume will include from thirty to sixty illustrations, selected by the writers to illustrate their text.

It is stated that an "authorised epitome" of the Dictionary of National Biography is being prepared. Such an undertaking may be welcomed by some, but the average literary worker needs every line of that valuable series.

THE chief feature of the new edition of *The Literary Year Book* is an enlargement of the "Directory of Authors" section. It now fills 146 pages.

ELSEWHERE we print an article on the career of Mr. John F. Bentley, the architect of the Westminster Cathedral, who died the other day. January 30 was his birthday, and the clever lady who selects the birthday quotations for the

Daily Chronicle chose the following passages for the occasion.

"This is my birthday."—Shakespeare.

JOHN F. BENTLEY, Jan. 30, 1839.

Rare Architect.—W. S. Landor.

Whose foundation

Is piled upon his faith.—Shakespeare.

The Cardinal: "I find him a fit fellow."—Shakespeare.

And the bricks are alive . . . to testify it.

—Shakespeare.

A Cathedral doctor.—Ben Jonson.

You'd come upon his scrutinising hat. . . .

Against the single window spared some house,

Intact yet with its mouldered Moorish work,—

Or else surprise the ferrel of his stick

Trying the mortar's temper 'tween the chinks

Of some new building.—Browning.

The Cathedral church of Westminster.—Shakespeare.

Built by that only law, that use be the suggester of beauty,

Nothing concealed that is done, but all things done to adornment.—Clough.

The range of the architect is from concrete to the brightest heaven of invention. He has to rule in the worlds of mind and matter.—Bernard Whelan.

THE letter of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones on the subject of a Proposed National Theatre is as remarkable in its directness as Mr. John Burns's speech at the O.P. Club. The distinguished playwright—the essentially English playwright of this period—expresses, not an author's view merely, but the view of all educated theatre-goers, when he condemns average Press criticism. Plays are absurdly compared with "successes," never with life, never with other plays of great artistic merit. When a comparison occurs in any average dramatic report, it is invariably an inept one. Comedies are accused of not being on the lines of melodrama: melodrama is called violent because it is not at all like *Le monde où l'on s'ennuie*, a work which has never been popular in London: satires are found unreal: false sentimentality is mistaken for pathos: in fact, there are so few classics in the dramatic literature of England (excepting the works of Shakespeare, who is still more popular abroad than he could ever be in his own country) that critics do not know how plays ought to be written or what they themselves are writing about. The few who have a certain knowledge—it would be indiscreet to name them—have been influenced unconsciously, unwillingly by the prevailing ignorance in theatrical circles. They write often in order to please, as they believe, readers who are vulgar and unobservant. But the revolt of the reader is at hand. This chartered imbecile is beginning to suspect his reputation: he is no longer influenced by "notices." He either chooses a play on the recommenda-

tion of private individuals, or attends on principle the piece which has been unanimously attacked. There he fancies he may find excellence.

It may be pleaded in defence of the dramatic critic that he is not sufficiently jealous of his own power. He follows, he does not make the *foyer* opinion, or rather, the opinion formed long before the play is presented. Obviously, no writer who thought his verdict worth real consideration would dispose of the work, perhaps of many months, if not years, in that short interval between the fall of the curtain at half-past eleven and the hour of going to press for the great daily newspapers. In France there is always a Press Night before the public production of any play—just as in England there is a Press Day before the Private View of any pictures. Some custom of the kind must be established at the leading theatres here if dramatic criticism is ever to be regarded as more than an inadequate advertisement, and the critics themselves must show a greater courage in their published judgments if they wish to be accepted as the men who can form, correct, or influence taste. Criticism is one of the arts: if it does not demand creative gifts, it must depend at least on sympathy, vast experience of life, a profound education in the best literature of every school. More than all, it requires elasticity of mind, coupled with an abnormal sense of justice. The great critics have always been the most cautious and the most patient in forming their judgments.

MR. ANDREW LANG has a friend at St. Andrews who is not much interested in the British Academy. Probably he prefers golf. His description of the new body was short and simple: "A lot of dismal Johnnies have elected themselves, and got in on the ground floor." The phrase has gone the round.

"AUTHORS at Bow Street" in *Punch* gets better every week. Here is the opening of the case against Mr. Hewlett:

Maurice Hewlett, Cinque-centist, was charged with producing inflammatory literature detrimental to the best interests of Positivism and demoralising to Mr. Frederic Harrison. He was further charged with stealing a suit of mail from Wardour Street, and a title from Geoffrey Chaucer, an elderly man, who failed to attend.

Eliza Comte, who said that she was Mr. Harrison's cook, gave evidence as to her master's change of habits. Before Mr. Hewlett's *Richard Yea and Nay* came into the house, she said, Mr. Harrison was always that Positive; but since then you never knew whether he meant it or not. And his language! He never used to say things like "By my Halidom!" But now—well! Once Mr. Harrison was all for guillotines, but now he cuts the bread with a battle-axe. And Mr. Harrison used to come home from Fetter Lane on Sunday evenings quiet as a mouse; but now he halloas in front of the house—"What oh, without there! Let down the drawbridge! Raise the portecullis! A stoup of wine, I say!" But the worst was when he wanted her to change clothes with him. (*Sensation.*)

A VERY interesting "Byron item" is now in the hands of Messrs. Robson & Co., the well-known second-hand booksellers, of Coventry Street. It is a volume of Pope's works, consisting chiefly of "The Dunciad," and forming part of Cooke's Pocket Edition of Select British Poets. This volume was Byron's at Harrow School, and on its fly-leaves appear the following entries in Byron's schoolboy hand:

Harrow-on-the-Hill — Middlesex — A.D. 1803—Byron—
Given me by my Friend Bolders.

Aequitate animorum constat amicitia.

—BYRON.

Il n'est pas difficile de réussir dans l'étude des lettres; il suffit pour cela de s'y livrer avec discrétion & de savoir s'exercer soi-même.

Within the book, on page 289, Byron has written the words "very good" opposite the following passage in "The Dunciad":

Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers, sleeveless some and shirtless others.
That once was Britain. Happy had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.

This evidence of Byron's early attachment to Pope is interesting when we remember his defence of Pope against Bowles and his life-long admiration of the poet of Twickenham. In 1817 he wrote to Murray:

With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that he [Moore] and all of us—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I—are all in the wrong, one as much as another; that we are upon a wrong, revolutionary poetical system, or systems, not worth a damn in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free; and that the present and next generations will finally be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in this by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly Pope, whom I tried in this way—I took Moore's poems and my own and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance in point of sense, harmony, effect, and even imagination, passion, and invention, between the little Queen Anne's man, and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly.

TALKING of Byron, it is interesting to find that his old rooms at No. 8, St. James's Street, in which he lived between 1808 and 1814, are to let. They are still admirable bachelor's apartments, and, except for the fitting of the electric light, they have been little, if at all, altered since Byron occupied them. It was from these rooms that he went to make his first speech in the House of Lords, and it was in this bedroom that he awoke one morning, as he said, "to find myself famous," after the publication of *Childe Harold*. The ground floor of the house is the old-established chemist's shop of Messrs. Pope, Roach, & Son. Close by is St. James's Palace.

MR. FREDERICK BARON CORVO informs us that the following facts are at our service:

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

A. My version is a series of 464 fantastic rhythmic proses, done into English on the French of Nicolas.

B. It is dedicated to the Rev. W. E. Scott-Hall, of the Oxford University Antiquarian Society.

C. It was done in three months, for publication in July, 1900.

D. It was announced in John Lane's Spring List and Autumn List of 1901.

E. I corrected the revise up to the 109th prose in May, 1901.

F. I have seen nothing of the book since then.

G. Mr. Lane informs me that it will be published in the Spring of 1902.

We have no idea why Mr. Corvo has favoured us with this fragment of his autobiography, but the matter with which

it deals seems to be going on quite satisfactorily. There can be no necessity for haste in the production of a new version of Omar Khayyam in a series of 464 fantastic rhythmic proses.

MR. HARRY QUILTER, more in sorrow than in anger, writes to point out that there were "two errors in words, three errors in capitals, four errors in punctuation" in our quotation from Mr. Kipling's "L'Envoi" last week. Mr. Quilter is right. We, too, are right. The poem as printed at the end of *The Seven Seas* gives one text, the extract from the poem as printed in *The Kipling Birthday Book*, from which our citation was taken, gives another, and as the latter is of a later date, and authorised by Mr. Kipling, we may suppose that the compiler, Mr. Joseph Finn, had authority to make the change.

THE Society of Authors has just issued its report of the Committee of Management for the year 1901. It is by no means a dull document. With regard to the Pension Fund of the Society, it is pointed out that during the past year a great advance has been made—the first pension has been awarded. Mr. J. M. Lely, Mr. Douglas Freshfield, and Mr. Edward Clodd, as stated in last year's report, consented to act as trustees of the Fund. All that was necessary, therefore, was to elect the committee. Under the scheme the committee were to consist of seven members, three elected by the managing committee of the Society, three by the members of the Society, and the chairman of the Society for the current year *ex-officio*. The managing committee elected Mrs. Craigie, Sir Michael Foster, and Mr. A. W. à Beckett. The Society at the general meeting elected Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Mr. Morley Roberts, and Mr. M. H. Spielmann. The first meeting of the committee was held on March 7, in order to settle the terms on which applications were to be made. These were printed in the April number of the *Author*. The trustees had already declared to the committee the amount they could place at the disposal of the committee for the year after making arrangements for all contingencies. At the next meeting of the committee, held on May 7, the applications that had been sent in were fully considered, and, as announced in the June number of the *Author*, a pension of £60 per annum was awarded to Mrs. J. H. Riddell. The fund, as may be seen by the monthly list published in the *Author*, is slowly but steadily increasing. Three considerable law-suits were supported by the Society during the year, particulars of which are given.

DR. MAX MAAS writes from Munich: "Page 216 of the ACADEMY I am reading in a Review, 'Five and Five,' that Craven Buildings perpetuate the sojourn of Elizabeth of Bohemia in London. I think the famous Lady Craven is Elizabeth of Ansbach-Bayreuth, who played also a rôle in the life of the French actress 'La Clairon.'" In saying that the name of Craven Buildings perpetuate the memory of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, we were rather too elliptical. We meant, of course, that through the Earl of Craven, her devoted cavalier, she was inseparably associated with the site. The name "Craven" cannot be said in itself to perpetuate her memory.

THE four short stories by Gorki which we review elsewhere are published in the first volume of Messrs. Duckworth's Greenback Library, a new series of novels designed to interest those who read fiction for something better than idle recreation. We understand that the series was suggested by Mr. Edward Garnett, who was the inventor, if we mistake not, of Mr. Fisher Unwin's very successful Pseudonym Library. Mr. Garnett may be trusted to promote good fiction, and it is interesting to observe that

when he does so it appears in a cheaper form than the ordinary novel. The stories in the Greenback Library are put into paper covers and sold at 1s. 6d. net, or they can be had in cloth at 2s. net. Some of Mr. Garnett's remarks on Gorki in his preface to *Twenty-six Men and a Girl* will, we may hope, be applicable to succeeding volumes. Thus: "Gorki's work is the natural antidote to novels of the inflated type, which are daily hailed as 'masterpieces,' to novels of life *de luxe* for the Pullman car. We have no wish to single out any work in particular from scores of 'fictions' that are alike false to life and false to art. We merely cite the last fashionable fiction, as it serves as a good example of those gorgeously-upholstered 'works of art,' in which the hero's emotions are laid less open to us than is the heroine's *lingerie*; those 'architected' novels in which the vast historic Manor House, and the 'deer park,' the racing stables, the sumptuously-fitted yacht, and the Riviera chateau, the abnormal hero driving his four-in-hand, and the voluptuous 'enchantress,' in her 'delicate transparent night-dress,' in her 'sea-green dressing-gown,' form the ravishing motive, and make indeed a truthful analysis of life almost wholly superfluous, if not impossible."

MR. MEREDITH's plea for the Boers on the ground of their "inferior civilization" has been received with respectful protest in many quarters, with warm support in others. We do not think, however, that there is any difference of opinion about the merits of his appeal as a piece of chastened eloquence. The following sentences could not have flowed from a common pen:

Our men acknowledge them to be eminently brave. They are not likely to have the dread of death. Shall we then expect to terrorise them by the shedding of the blood of the condemned among them, and for deeds that they cannot understand to be criminal.

We are but steeling the remainder of their fighting men to more desperate resistance—a spectacle forebodingly piteous. It signifies also the further waste of our own precious blood.

Let it be borne in mind that the Boer has in him much of the stuff of Les Guex, who did good work for the world against odds at a time when it was needed. If I am not mistaken, he is a descendant of those indomitable Lower Rhinelanders who gave such trouble to the Romans, notably to Germanicus.

In dealing with him, having the hope to conciliate him, we must take his version of humaneness, or we shall find that we have been guilty of bad policy, the most exacting of a nation's creditors.

MR. JOHN LONG has in preparation a costly illustrated work, to be entitled *The King's Race-Horses*, by Mr. Edward Spencer. The illustrations will consist of nineteen plates in photogravure of race-horses, jockeys, &c., taken from life by Mr. Clarence Hailey, of Newmarket, who has the sole right to photograph the King's horses. One of the plates will be hand-coloured, showing the King's jockey in His Majesty's racing colours, mounted on "Diamond Jubilee." The work will also contain a special photogravure plate of His Majesty.

MRS. ASQUITH recently maintained her reputation for sprightly originality by advertising in the *Times* for the return of an odd volume of a work on Napoleon which she had lent to an unknown borrower. "The fashion is likely to spread," says the unprincipled parodist of *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow*, and he subjoins these anticipations:

Lord Rosebery regrets that he kept Mrs. Asquith's Napoleon volume so long; and he takes this opportunity of asking for the immediate return of *The Strenuous Life*.

Mr. Brodrick would esteem it a favour if his copy of *Points of the Horse*, which he cannot find, were at once returned to him, as he has urgent need for it.

Sir Francis Knollys begs to announce that the copy of *Brewer's Phrase and Fable*, lately used at Court, is now done with.

Neither Lord Hindlip nor Lord Iveagh has any further use for Burton's *Melancholy* recently acquired by them.

Mr. Chamberlain would be much obliged by the return of his copy of the *Bible*, if Mr. Kruger has quite finished with it.

J. H., of Lewisham, wishes us to inform him whether or not he can write "alright" for "all right" with the sanction of recent authority. We have observed that the sex whose authority is always recent are greatly given to writing "alright." But of distinctively literary authority for the abridgment we should say there is a plentiful lack. We sincerely hope so. However, it is not safe, nowadays, to commit oneself one way or the other too quickly on points of this sort. For aught we know to the contrary, Lady Grove writes "alright," in which case it may be all right. Which our meaning is plain that it may be all wrong. Recent authorities are invited to step up.

Bibliographical.

THAT Mr. John Payne should follow the example of so many of his contemporaries, and issue his *Collected Poems*, is not to be wondered at. He is best known, no doubt, as a verse-writer by his translations from Hafiz (1901), Omar (1898), and Villon (1878). There are, however, at least some students of Victorian poetry who remember Mr. Payne's successive volumes of original rhythmic work—*The Masque of Shadows* (1870), the *Intaglios* (1871), the *Songs of Life and Death* (1872), the *Lautrec* (1878), and the *New Poems* (1880). These five volumes were all re-issued in 1884, and they will form, I suppose, the main body of the *Collected Poems*. If Mr. Payne lives at all as a metrist, it will be, I imagine, as the author of a number of ingenious imitations of the old French forms of verse. Of these he was one of the earliest cultivators, and in connection with them he figured prominently in *Latter-Day Lyrics* (1878), to which he contributed nine examples, five of them hitherto unpublished, but afterwards reproduced in his *New Poems*. In Mr. Gleeson White's collection of *Ballades, Rondeaux, &c.* (1887), Mr. Payne naturally had an important place. The publication of his collected verse will, no doubt, lead to a critical reconsideration of his claims as a poet.

"Glancing," says a correspondent, "through the pages of Mr. Clodd's monograph on Huxley, and afterwards dipping into an anthology containing an extract from FitzGerald's Omar poem, I am reminded of a literary parallel of some interest. I remember reading, a good many years ago, in one of the magazines, a lecture or essay of Huxley's in which he pictured the Great First Cause as playing at chess with Man, giving him a fair start in the game, but relentless in punishing him for any false or unfortunate move made by him. One thinks at once of FitzGerald-Omar's quatrain (in the first edition):

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The parallel is not exact; but it is sufficiently close to make one wonder whether Huxley had conceived the idea for himself or had unconsciously adopted it."

Another correspondent, a well-known man of Letters, writes to me on the subject of the "Dictionary of Authors," to which so much prominence is given in the *Literary Year-Book* just issued. "I cannot," he says, "recommend

the 'Dictionary' to bibliographers, present or future—at least, not if it includes many such notices as that of my own publications. Two of my books are mentioned, the title of one of them being inaccurately given. The compiler also ascribes 'some poems' to me—a hard impeachment, which I hasten to repel. What have I done that I should be ranked in this injurious manner with the minor bardlets?"

I have just been reading an historical romance called *Lazarre*, written by an American lady of the name of Mary Hartwell Catherwood. That name, I am ashamed to say, was quite new to me, although I find that four books of hers have already been published by London firms—*The Romance of Dollard*, by T. Fisher Unwin (1889); *The Lady of Fort St. John*, by S. Low and Co. (1892); *The White Island*, by T. Fisher Unwin (1893), and *The Days of Jeanne D'Arc*, by Gay & Bird (1898). I find, further, that since 1888 seven other books by this lady, published in the States, have been obtainable in England. The hero of *Lazarre*, and many other characters in the story, are French; and Mrs. Catherwood's interest in the French and in France is seen not only in her book devoted to Jeanne d'Arc, but in her *Chase of St. Castin, and other Stories of the French in the New World* (1894).

Miss Emily Lawless, it seems, has now joined the ranks of the versifiers, following, in that respect, Miss Jane Barlow. Both ladies have made their literary successes in prose, and their incursions into verse must be regarded, I suppose, as a method of recreation. Miss Barlow has several verse-volumes to her credit. Miss Lawless, so far as I know, has published no verse-volume whatever since in 1886 she captured the reading world with her story called *Hurriah: a Study*. She has issued no book at all, I fancy, since the *Traits and Confidences* of 1898.

By a rather curious coincidence, Messrs. Chatto and Windus publish this week new editions of two books which appeared originally in the same year—1884. I refer to Sir Walter Besant's *Art of Fiction*, which was only a shilling brochure, and Jeffries' *Life of the Fields*, which first came out in a six-shilling form. Four years later the latter was published at half-a-crown, and after another interval—of five years, this time—it re-appeared, on hand-made paper, at six shillings. A cheap uniform edition of Jeffries' works, if feasible, would be welcome.

THE BOOKWORM.

To Some Latter-Day Poets.

Unhappy souls, that simulate the pains
Of grief ye have not felt, put on the guise
Of world-worn pilgrims, scourg'd with icy rains
And rough blasts of unfriendly skies;
Wan poets, moaning blandly for your sins,
Robb'd of the zest which made the sinning sweet,—
Poor sorry brooders on the old wine-skins
Illusion emptied at your feet!
Is there no impulse still can stir your blood?
Is there not yet some glory in man's strife,
Some peace in love, some joy in ill withstood,—
A charm and ecstasy in life?
Are ye content to go like drunkards, dull'd
With opium-fumes, from hour to languorous hour,
The laws that bound you to your kind annull'd,
And pleasure canker'd in the flow'r?
Pass on to whatsoever limbo yawns
For such frail, pulseless mockers of men's woe;
Who see, through your false tears, the April dawns
Break, and the silver streamlets flow;
Who hear the young child's babble, bruise the gold
Of buttercup and primrose where ye tread,
Moaning, "Satiety has made us cold—
We are already with the dead."

Reviews.

The Douglasses.

A History of the House of Douglas. By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell. 2 vols. (Freemantle. 42s. net.)

Thus, as Mr. W. A. Lindsay, *Windsor Herald*, tells us in a preface, is the first in an intended series of histories dealing with the great historic families of Great Britain and Ireland—those which have more especially contributed to the making of our national history. A worthy design, and begun by a judicious selection. The two families which at once presented themselves as representing England and Scotland, ancient and modern, were Percy and Douglas. Convenience has given precedence to the latter. And the book is further justified by the fact that there has been hitherto no history of the Douglas family. Sir Herbert Maxwell has come to the rescue with two volumes on a handsome scale, full of the pomp and glory of heraldic blazonry, through the changes of which shine constant the Stars and Bleeding Heart of Douglas. Material worthy of heraldic pageantry is that furnished by the history itself. No greater name is there among the noble houses of Europe, nor one with a more crowded record of varied and glittering achievement. It is a pity, therefore, that Sir Herbert Maxwell has not in all points been equal to the "height of his great argument." Clearness, fulness, research, a complete knowledge of his subject he has; nor with branchings so numerous as those of the Douglas tree was it easy to be always clear. Temperate he is, and impartial. An author with these excellent qualities can scarce be expected to have the vivid and bustling qualities which go with quite other temperament. Yet we wish that Sir Herbert could be strengthened by a little infusion of Mr. Henley's style (for example). Nor is he so awake to perspective as he might be. Things large and small are related with a like leisurely resolve to set down what is knowable about the matter. The resultant impression varies between history and genealogy. Much genealogy was inevitable in such a book; but we would that the atmosphere of the family portrait-gallery were not so strong in it.

They were a wonderful outcome, these Douglasses, of that strange mixture we call the Lowland Scot. It seems highly plausible, though unprovable, that the first Douglas, like the Morays, was descended from a Fleming—perhaps a Frisian—settled in Scotland. They mixed with a nobility many of whom were Norman. Yet they stride forth at once with all the characteristics of the Scot and the Douglas. From the outset, this race clearly knows its own mind, and has remarkably energetic ways of getting it. The family-tree, indeed, had not been long above ground when it put forth the noblest Scotsman of them all; the "good Sir James" whom Englishmen called "the Black Douglas." He alone would have made any lineage immortal in romance. His fame in war was known throughout Europe, where no captain bore a more brilliant name, save it were his master, Robert Bruce. He learned the game in a hard school, and when he was a mere stripling, fighting against the English for his father's lands. But the school, if hard, was good, as our South African soldiers know; it was the school of guerilla war, and against one whom Sir Herbert Maxwell justly calls "the greatest of the Plantagenets." Certainly Edward I. was the greatest captain that ever wore an English crown—unless the other were Henry V. So long as he lived, victory followed his march, and the Scots, after the Boer fashion, had to flinch from stray detachments the success of which they despaired against the King. There must have been that Frisian blood in the Douglasses; one thinks; young James took so kindly to the game. Not De Wet

himself was a guerilla-leader more ubiquitous, swift, and "slim" than this Black Douglas. His "slimness" was particularly suggestive of Batavian kinship; and the British subordinate officer was his victim elect. The ways of that British officer have not altered through the ages. Then, as now, he was meat and drink to the born guerilla chief, for whom he was an appointed prey. Then, as now, he held by the good old maxim, "Where you see a head, hit it"; and could be "drawn" like a bull with a red rag. Into all Douglas's traps he fell with unalterable blindness and bravery. He made frontal attacks on chosen positions, was beaten with direful slaughter, and believed that only a mysterious luck had prevented him winning. And, like his modern descendant, he despised his adversaries as a set of bandits, who would not stand up to take their punishment. These officers the Scots as regularly beat as they were beaten by the King himself. Douglas's own castle in Douglasdale became a veritable death-trap for the English during the long war. Again and again the English built and garrisoned it; again and again Douglas slew the garrison and burned the castle. He was reckless even of his own property while it harboured English. The first garrison he surprised in church on a Palm Sunday—whither he repaired as a thresher, flail in hand, with his followers in like disguise:

In the fierce conflict which followed the English were overpowered, and all slain or taken. Then back to the castle, where the porter and cook left in charge offered no resistance. Douglas and his men sat down to the dinner prepared for the garrison; after which, horrible to say, they beheaded their prisoners, killed the horses, staved the wine-casks, and piling all in a heap, set fire to the castle, which was burned to the ground. . . . Such was the Douglas Larder.

There were no war correspondents to criticise this original manner of celebrating the Sabbath, which it is not to be supposed troubled the conscience of the "good Sir James." With the death of Edward I., Douglas got his full chance, and soon had Scotland back from the English, bit by bit. At Bannockburn he had not much to do, but when the English were out of Scotland he followed them into England, where he made his name terrible. Right into the reign of the young Edward III. he was riding and pillaging. Edward III. had a most unpleasantly close experience of the Scots De Wet when he invaded Scotland on his own account. Falling back during the day, and beating up the English at night, while rain and bog and fog helped to make matters cheerful for the poor wretches, Douglas chose a dark night when the exhausted English were sleeping and not keeping ward. With two hundred horse he dashed into the camp crying, "Ha, St. George!—no watch here?" and cutting the tent-ropes as he went. "A Douglas! a Douglas!" broke out in the ears of Edward himself as he woke, and the young King went nigh to capture. Killing right and left, Douglas swept through the camp, and escaped with scarce any loss. His death was romantic as his life. Charged to carry the heart of Robert Bruce to the Holy Land, he stopped to fight the Moors in Spain. There, casting the Bruce's heart into the thick of the enemy, he charged after it, was overpowered and killed. A death, one thinks, the Black Douglas would have chosen. Thenceforth the heart has been the Douglas badge, and on all the arms of Douglas.

Only less famous in romance is another James, the second Earl. For (be it noted) not till after Archibald "the Tineman" fell at Halidon Hill were there Earls of Douglas: the Black Douglas himself was but Lord of Douglas. Earl James is for ever famous as the hero of Chevy Chase, otherwise the Battle of Otterburn. A fiery youth, he spent his brief but glowing life in continual forays upon the English border; and the Saxon wardens of the Marshes, were they Percy or another, had ever the

worst of it at his hands. Perfectly useless, these burning and plundering exploits were often in time of truce between the countries; and the expedition of Chevy Chase was as fruitless as the rest. He went once too often to the well. With a flying column of lances and archers Moray and James Douglas swept over the Border and harried Northumberland. Wheeling round by Brancepeth with its massive walls, they showed their pennons at the gates of Newcastle, where there were some enjoyable fighting at the barriers; and Douglas, beating down Hotspur in single combat, carried off his pennon. Hotspur swore he should never carry it out of England alive. "Then you must come and take it this night," answered Douglas. "Your pennon shall stand before my tent, for him to take who dares." The Scots retreated, and invested the tower of Otterburn, thirty miles nearer the Border, where Douglas took post in a wood, to wait for the pursuit he knew would come. Hotspur and his brother Sir Ralph followed by forced marches, and set on him by moonlight. An extraordinarily stubborn battle followed, and Hotspur all but retook his pennon. Douglas dashed to the rescue, hewed deep in the English ranks, and went down with three spears through him. As he fell, a battle-axe gashed his skull. The battle went on over his body; both the Percys were taken, and the English routed with great slaughter. Who does not know that nobly beautiful speech which the Scots ballad puts into the mouth of the dying Douglas? It is surely by a later and more magic hand than that which wrote the rest of the stirring ballad. It has all the wildness and pathos of high romance.

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What reck's the death of ane?—
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thine ain."

"Last night I dreamed a dreary dream
Beyond the Isle of Sky,
I saw a dead man win a field,
And I wot that man was I."

"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And bury me by the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lily lea."

"Oh, bury me by the bracken bush
Beside the blooming breere,
And never let living mortal ken
That e'er a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord
Wi' the saut tear in his ee;
He hid him in the bracken bush
That his merry men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The last Douglas after the old style was worthy of the rest. It was that Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, who is as celebrated in the pages of Shakespeare, as young James in the ballad of "Chevy Chase." Archibald it was who was defeated and taken prisoner by Hotspur at Homildon, and afterwards fought side-by-side with Hotspur against Henry IV., at Shrewsbury. Taken prisoner there again, he finally fell at the battle of Verneuil against the Duke of Bedford, in the service of Charles VII. of France. Thereafter the Scottish rulers set to work to crush and divide the too powerful Douglas House, with but too good success. Douglas after Douglas was assassinated or put to death. Yet to the last men of the Douglas blood stood forth in Scotland; one of the latest being the Regent Morton, so famous in the Scots Reformation, and for his

participation in the murder of Rizzio. It is a stirring record, and we commend these volumes of Sir Herbert Maxwell to all who would at last take the opportunity he has given them of following the complete history of a great House. The record, we may add, is carried down to the Union of England and Scotland.

The English Language.

Words and Their Ways in English Speech. By James Bradstreet Greenough and George Lyman Kittredge. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

THIS book has given us so much pleasure that the duty of reviewing it is approached with a certain uneasiness. It would be difficult to convey by quotations occupying any reasonable space an understanding of how vast are the stores of learning which Mr. Greenough and Mr. Kittredge spread forth. On almost every page we have some fact or speculation very attractively treated. In order to be just as well as being generous, we must point out that the task of writing an entertaining and impressive book on the English language is not so arduous as it seems. That is for two reasons. In the first place, the science of language, unlike most sciences, is not "dry." It is of immediate human interest. A search into the pedigree of a word may take us through high-roads and by-ways of man's history for centuries. This is exemplified in the reflections with which our authors supplement their exposition of *bedlam*. "It is interesting to observe," they say, "that in the history of this word we have involved the founding of the Christian religion, the passing of the Holy Land into the control of the Saracens, the Crusades, which restored it to Christianity, the continued relations between the Latin Orient and Western Europe, the whole theory and practice of monastic institutions and fraternities, with their labours in behalf of the poor and sick, the Reformation in general, and, in particular, the Reformation in England under Henry VIII., with its confusion of religious and secular motives. . . . The history of the single word *bedlam* cannot be completely understood without some knowledge of Europe for more than fifteen hundred years. It would be hard to find a more striking instance of the absurdity of regarding the study of words as a narrow and trivial diversion of pedants. Words are the signs of thoughts, and thoughts make history." In studying words, that is to say, one is at the same time studying man, who is more interesting to himself than any other subject. That is the primary advantage which, in literature, the philologist has over a man of science such as the botanist. In the second place, a philologist, if he have the pen of a ready writer, can make a brave show without much original research. Of trustworthy dictionaries, ancient and modern, there are many; and the production of a good work on the history and genius of the language involves only, as the main effort, an orderly arrangement of the materials which the dictionaries provide. This Mr. Greenough and Mr. Kittredge frankly acknowledge in their prefatory thanks to Professor Skeat, Professor Sheldon, and the contributors to the Oxford Dictionary. Nevertheless, their work deserves high praise. Even with the similar books by Archbishop Trench within our remembrance, we have no hesitation in declaring it to be the best work of its class. The authors' arrangement of their materials is in logical accord with the natural development of their subject, and they write at once with scholarlike dignity and lively grace.

On the origin of language, it is true, they have not much fresh to tell. After having touched upon the various theories, which include the belief that our first parents were instructed in the rudiments of speech by God Himself,

Mr. Greenough and Mr. Kittredge give a general assent to a doctrine which deals with speech only when it began to become literary. "Poetry is the mother tongue of man," said Hamann; this thought was enforced by Herder; Mr. Greenough and Mr. Kittredge adopt it with some indications of surprise at their own courage. Why are they surprised? Why should anyone think it difficult to believe that our ancestors, when it dawned upon them that words were susceptible of artistry in arrangement, lisped in numbers before they perceived the subtler potentialities of prose? Rhythm and rhyme add a fresh interest to the statement of a fact or of a thought; in the undeveloped intelligence they give to facts and thoughts exactly the same kind of additional interest which ritual and incense impart to the affirmations of the priesthood; it is natural and reasonable to assume, then, that when first words were imbued with the quality of literature they took the form of poetry. This conjecture is supported by historical knowledge which cannot be questioned. Erse and Gaelic are languages of comparatively recent growth, and practically all the literature which they contain is poetry. However, whilst we agree with the writers of the work before us in thinking that poetry must have preceded what may be called organic prose, we are not at all prepared to acquiesce in their reasoning about literary as distinct from practical language at the present time. Their essay on this subject is headed "Learned and Popular Words," by which they mean words which can be woven into an artistic fabric and words which cannot. "In every cultivated language," they say, "there are two great classes of words which, taken together, comprise the whole vocabulary."

First, there are those words with which we become acquainted in ordinary conversation—which we learn, that is to say, from the members of our own family and from our familiar associates, and which we should know and use even if we could not read or write." These are what Mr. Greenough and Mr. Kittredge call "popular words." "On the other hand, our language includes a multitude of words which are comparatively seldom used in ordinary conversation. Our first acquaintance with them comes not from our mother's lips or from the talk of our schoolmates, but from books that we read, lectures that we hear, or the more formal conversation of highly-educated speakers." These are the "learned words," words that, in the chapter from which we are quoting, our authors seem to consider the words essential in literary, as distinguished from popular, expression. That this estimate is absurd is speedily shown in the calamitous list of synonyms by which the authors seek to justify it. The *speech* of common language is an *oration* in the literary language; a *building* is an *edifice*; *stiff* is *rigid*; *round* is *circular*; *lying* is *mendacious*; a *beggar* is a *mendicant*; and a *fire* is a *conflagration*! In every one of these cases a poet or an artistic prosaist would use the "popular" word, which our authors think the "learned" would reject. It is only fair to say that here and there throughout the book Mr. Greenough and Mr. Kittredge, in touching on the mystery of style, themselves implicitly admit that their distinction between "learned" words and "popular" words is ridiculous; but as a statement of an unquestionable usage in modern journalism and other literature the preposterous categories are of remarkable interest. "Modern popular literature is characterised by an astounding atavism. Our first literary forefathers discarded crudities when they instinctively chose poetry instead of prose, and the popular estimate of learned as distinguished from illiterate words is a throwing-back to the preferences of savages."

It will, we trust, be realised that in saying this we do not wish to modify the words of praise with which we have welcomed the work before us. Lexicographers, philologists, grammarians, and historians of literature are under

a peculiar constraint. Their task is to tell what is, or has been; not what should be, or what may yet be. They are chroniclers rather than critics. They do their work well if they do it accurately. Any foolishness or ignorance or bad taste which we may find in the usages they recount is not to be considered a cause of complaint against themselves. It is properly to be attributed to the frailty of the human mind. We have, therefore, nothing but praise for *Words and Their Ways in English Speech*. Although we have marked an error here and there, the book is a clear and fascinating history of the language. It tells us all that is known about the derivation of words, both "popular" and "learned"; all about Fashion in Language, a chapter giving an admirable summary of the development of style since the Norman Conquest; all about Slang; and much about the strange instincts of the civilised mind which have resulted in such phenomena as euphuism, euphemism, and irony. On these and germane matters the authors write with so much knowledge and insight that we wish they had essayed an explanation of a subject which is permanent. We allude to the grammar of style.

Among superficial persons, who are the vast majority even of "the educated," it is a commonplace remark that usage is the sole test of what is right in style, and what wrong, and that the grammarian is a useless pedant. This is an error. Individual words may change their meanings and acquire new uses which are proper; fashions in the temper and in the rhythm of words come and go; but there is one quality in language which is constant. That quality is resident in the laws of syntax. It is constant because it is the mode of a faculty of the trained human understanding which does not change, the faculty of reflecting in a natural sequence. Words, the symbols of perceptions, are the material for thought; sequences of words, phrases and clauses and sentences and paragraphs, are the expressions of thoughts; to do justice to the thoughts, the expressions must follow exactly the order of the motions of the mind. Thus, in all literature which is artistic, exact, the individual words and the groups of words have what may be called a life of their own. They live in the sense that, being in unison with some quality of apprehension common to all competent minds, they create anew in those who read them the perceptions or the emotions from which they originally sprang. Now and then there are signs that Mr. Greenough and Mr. Kittredge perceive this. Despite all the modifying influences to which it has been continually subject, "the English tongue," they say, "is still the same. It has changed much since the East Midland became the literary language five hundred years ago; yet all the changes have not essentially modified its character. The 'genius of the language' is still the same." "Such persistence of uniformity in the face of chance and change," they add, "challenges our attention. Words are but the signs of thought; yet, when we observe their conduct in the presence of various forces that act upon them, they almost seem to have an independent life." Whence this independent life, this immortal genius? The more closely one ponders the question the clearer it becomes that underlying all great literature there must be some system of expression which is immortal, because it is the exact reflection of the human mind in its best estate. That system can be none other than the perfect syntax which all writers strive after and a few achieve. Where is the psychologist who can explain this immortality in the soul of Literature?

The Speedwell in the Grass.

The Roadmender. By Michael Fairless. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE essays in this little book appeared in the *Pilot*, and the writer of them is dead; this is the only previous

knowledge that we bring to the reading of them. One would be glad to know more. Professing to be a road-mender, or stone-breaker by the wayside, Michael Fairless gives his thoughts of God and man and nature. They are thoughts of a singular gentleness and whiteness, and bring back, shall we say, the corn-fields of the Bible. The stories that lend them life and humour are of the simplest village kind, though some of them go deep; yet the book is saved from anything like smallness or goody-goodness by the writer's serene and varied culture. His attitude to all created things is Cowper's, "My Father made them all," but he loves to people an English country-side with the rural gods and nymphs of ancient Greece. Lying in a great waggon, on empty flour bags, by the invitation of Jem the waggoner, he looks back on the road, while Jem walks at the leaders' heads whistling hymn-tunes:

I lay as in a blissful dream and watched my road unfold.
The sun set the pine-boles aflame where the hedge is sparse,
and stretched the long shadows of the besom poplars in
slanting bars across the white highway; the roadside
gardens smiled friendly with their trim-cut laurels and rows of
stately sunflowers—a seemly proximity this, Daphne and
Clytie, sisters in experience, wrapped in the warm caress
of the god whose wooing they need no longer fear. Here
and there we passed little groups of women and children
off to work in the early cornfields, and Jem paused in his
fond repetition of "The Lord my pasture shall prepare,"
to give them good-day.

Here is a "thing seen" delicately done:

There is an old couple in our village who are past work.
The married daughter has made shift to take her mother
and the parish half-crown, but there is neither room nor
food for the father, and he must go to N—. If husband
and wife went together, they would be separated at the
workhouse door. The parting had to come; it came
yesterday. I saw them stumbling lamely down the road
on their last journey together, walking side by side
without touch or speech, seeing and heeding nothing but
a blank future. As they passed me the old man said
gruffly, "'Tis far eno': better be gettin' back"; but the
woman shook her head, and they breasted the hill
together. At the top they paused, shook hands, and
separated; one went on, the other turned back; and, as
the old woman limped blindly by, I turned away, for there
are sights a man dare not look upon. She passed; and I
heard a child's shrill voice say, "I come to look for you,
gran"; and I thanked God that there need be no utter
loneliness in the world while it holds a little child.

We wish we had space to quote the hay-making scene
in which Elizabeth Banks walks apart with her love-child,
frowned upon by her neighbours, and denounced by old
Dodden for bringing back that "curse that cannot be hid,"
a child without a father:

"A curse that cannot be hid," old Dodden had said. The
mother knelt a moment, devouring him with her eyes,
then snatched him to her with aching greed, and covered
him with kisses. I saw the poor, plain face illumined,
transfigured, alive with a mother's love, and remembered
how the word came once to a Hebrew prophet: "Say
unto your brethren Ammi, and to your sisters Ruhamah."

Although a fine erudition adds its grace to these intimate
revelations of a quiet life, we read:

I have lost my voracious appetite for books; their
language is less plain than scent and song and the wind
in the trees; and for me the clue to the next world lies
in the wisdom of earth rather than in the learning of
men. *Libera me ab fuscina Hophni* prayed the good Bishop
fearful of religious greed. I know too much, not too
little; it is realisation that I lack . . .

The sentence does not end there, though it might have
done with a suggestiveness very pleasing and complete.
And the passage ends:

Valley and plain, mountain and fruitful field; the
lark's song and the speedwell in the grass; surely a

man need not sigh for greater loveliness until he has
read something more of this living letter, and knelt
before that earth of which he is the only confusion.

Not many books are published in these days of such
sincerity, grace, width, and steadfast hope as we find here.
It is a tiny book, but it touches one like the speedwell in
the grass.

Political Satire.

Clara in Blunderland. By Caroline Lewis. (Heinemann.
2s. 6d.)

This is a book which, while admiring its occasional almost
diabolical dexterity, we deplore. That there should be
political satire is perfectly right; but that it should take
for its mould so minutely Lewis Carroll's *Alice* books is by
no means desirable. We do not say that Lewis Carroll
should absolutely be sacred to the critics of Mr. Balfour
and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Salisbury and
Mr. Winston Churchill. The comic papers have over and
over again shown how valuable Lewis Carroll may be as a
medium for rebuke or ridicule. But there are limits to
the profitable or expedient uses of his work, and one may
properly object to see dragged into the over-heated atmosphere
of the pro-Boer arena so gentle and guileless a creature.
One can go too far in debasing the charming creations of
his fancy. A chapter here and there would be right—but
a whole book? Never indeed has so thorough a perversion
come under our eyes, for not only have the author and
artists of this polemic followed the original author and
artist closely, but the publisher has borrowed his format
from Messrs. Macmillan. Already we know of one small
child whose disappointment that the book was not the
genuine has led to tears.

Another objection. The author of *Clara in Blunderland*
has too heavy a hand. His fist is always doubled. Now,
although events probably warrant this bludgeoning
severity, yet the example of Lewis Carroll should have
made for lightness and delicacy. There is a propriety in
parody as in other things. A gay fantastic achievement
like the *Wonderland* stories should be imitated or perverted
in the same way. There must be a breath of joyousness.
But *Clara in Blunderland* is harsh, hard, and often
acrimonious. If the author does not take our meaning
we would refer him to some exercises in the same medium
—political applications of passages in the same two books
—which have been printed lately from time to time in
the *Westminster Gazette* over the signature "Saki." We
do not know who wrote these, but the manner was
perfect—light, debonair, amusing; a most successful
transference of the original method to the modern and
alien situation. That is true perversion. The author of
Clara in Blunderland has none of this deft skill. We are
perhaps taking the literary side of the work a little too
seriously, but so elaborate a parody demands careful atten-
tion, and the subject is an interesting one, especially in a
literary paper.

Coming to the political character of the joke, we must
admit at once that the author has little to learn from
"Saki," or any man. His points are for the most part
sound, his wit is ready, and his castigation must always be
felt. Some of his modern instances are brilliantly inge-
nious. Crumpty-Bumpty, or, in other words, Sir Henry
Campbell-Bannerman, could hardly be better. The
chapter is amusing and searching, and in good temper.
The Dalmeny (once Cheshire) cat is also most adroit, and
it was a stroke of inspiration that made the Duchess
Lord Salisbury, and the baby the British Voter. We
quote a passage from the Crumpty-Bumpty chapter:

Meanwhile Crumpty-Bumpty gave no sign of life what-
ever, and Clara began to think he wasn't really alive after
all, but only a figure, such as she had often seen at

Madame Tussaud's, "in which case," she said, "even a pinprick will let all the sawdust out."

Unfortunately she made the last remark out loud, and it seemed to hurt Crumpty-Bumpty's feelings very much indeed, for his mouth was suddenly opened, and he said, in a very loud and emphatic tone of voice, "I regard you as a barbarian with loathsome methods."

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said Clara.

"But," he went on, always avoiding Clara's eye, and looking straight in front of him, "when I say 'barbarian,' of course I mean a civilised barbarian, and I shall be really displeased if you persist in considering the expression 'loathsome methods' at all censorious. There are many loathsome methods, particularly in war, which are quite nice when you get to know them well, and which ought to be employed on proper occasions. Take special notice, my dear, that I said 'employed,' not 'used.' They should never be used."

"It sounds very beautiful, sir," said Clara, respectfully. "but I'm afraid I don't understand you."

"No?" returned Crumpty-Bumpty. "Well, you musn't be discouraged. I know it's hard. Why, very often I can't understand what I say myself until it's explained the next morning in the newspapers. There are hundreds of 'em that make a living out of explaining ME. That's what you call fame, you know."

This is good, though we suspect that Lewis Carroll helps one to be witty in a work of this kind, just as the need for rhymes forces a poet to say something. The adaptability of the *Alice* character and episodes is so amazing that the construction of a satire on Lewis Carroll's model becomes to some extent automatic.

The author of *Clara in Blunderland* is less happy in the Turnturtle and the Dragon and the Mad Tea Party, and in certain other parallels. The abuse of Mr. Winston Churchill seems dragged in, and the advantage of making Mr. Balfour the heroine of the book, instead of employing a real innocent, is often questionable. The verses, too, are very poor. In an imitation of Lewis Carroll the verses could not have been too highly polished; but these are rough and ready, and none too witty. The illustrations also are very disappointing. The artist has comic ideas, but he knows nothing of values, nor can he consistently maintain a likeness. With all these limitations, however, *Clara in Blunderland* is sure of an uproarious reception on both sides of the House, and it might have useful results, for many true words are spoken in jest in its pages.

Prominent Citizens.

Who's Who in America: A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States. 1901-02. (Chicago: Marquis & Co.; London: Sampson Low.)

THE American *Who's Who* weighs just a pound more than its English progenitor; and in this, its second edition, it has attained at a bound the maximum corpulence which a volume can show without deformity. Yet there is nothing of American freakishness or flamboyance about the work, which is a compilation of cut-and-dried facts. Indeed, the omission to state the favourite recreations of the 11,551 people whom it describes makes the American *Who's Who* less entertaining than its English counterpart.

The effort needed to bring together all these abbreviated particulars must have been enormous, and we are glad to learn that the work produced its crop of humours. Asked to give the maiden name of his wife, one man replied that he was unable to do so as the lady was then travelling in Europe. A sketch was returned without revision with the complimentary remark: "This is correct, and is, it seems to me, just what such a note should be: careful, accurate, no bouquets, no bricks." Another correspondent, however, forwarded an autobio-

graphical sketch filling twenty-two type-written foolscap pages with a request to have it substituted for the brief note that had been submitted to him. Several actors desired that their portraits might be given, and a journalist with a rather chequered career behind him wrote: "This will do, if you can't do better—but I would like about a stickful more space. This is a good thing."

But for us the humours of the American *Who's Who* extend further. The volume is a wonderful collection of names, and American names are curious. Doubtless the Atlantic Ocean contributes to make many of them seem so, but, allowing for distance and conditions, one is forced to recognise that American enterprise and invention have been brought into play at the baptismal font no less than in the workshop. The result is that many of the names in this encyclopædia of biography strike one almost as strangely as Elijah Pogram's did Martin Chuzzlewit.

"You air fortunate, sir, in having an opportunity of beholding our Elijah Pogram, sir."

"Your Elijahpogram!" said Martin, "thinking it was all one word, and a building of some sort."

"Yes, sir." . . . "our Elijah Pogram, sir, is at this minute, identically settin' by the en-gine biler."

Dickens cannot be accused of exaggerating the quaintness of American names. His Elijah Pogram, his Dr. Ginery Dunkle, his Zephaniah Scadder, his General Cyrus Choke, and Mr. La Fayette Kettle bear names which are quite outdone in Dickensian ingenuity by the men and women who, to use the language of the Preface to *Who's Who in America*, "have helped to shape the conditions of To-day in American thought and action, and who are bearing an important share in fashioning the still more grand Tomorrow of our land." We wish to quote no name offensively, but we may point out that Dickens would certainly have availed himself of a volume which yielded such combinations as Lemuel E. Quigg, Georgiana Timkin Fry, Galusha Pennypacker, Franklin Fyles, Jared Augustine Smith, David La Fayette Snodgrass, Melancthon Woolsey Stryker, and the Rev. Robert McCracken Tinnon.

The Puritan habit of bestowing Scripture names on children took deep root in America, and was never broken up by a national return to worldliness such as England saw at the Restoration. Judge Sewell tells in his diary how he wavered long between Sarah and Mehetable in naming his little daughter; but when he saw how Sarah's name was recurrent in the Bible (in Peter, Galatians, Hebrews, and Romans), he resolved on it in a moment. One of the settlers named his three successive children, Hope, Believe, and Tremble; and in all the villages of the newly-formed States, from generation to generation, down to the folks who live in Miss Wilkins's pages the custom has been maintained. We fancy, however, that it owes something of its strength to a desire, more or less unconscious, to connect the children of the New World with the heroes and heroines of the Old World irrespectively of Biblical associations. Hence the distinctively American popularity of names like Cyrus, Alpheus, Raphael, and Minerva. Hence, too, we have names so elcquent of Old World nostalgia as Flavius Josephus Van Vorhis, Lysander Hill, Victor Hugo Paltsits and Stephen Beauregard Weeks. This tendency is qualified in the name Hiram Americus Tuttle, and conspicuous in the names Antha Minerva Virgil and John Bull Smith Dimitry.

The whole subject of American names would repay treatment. We have here to record our belief that *Who's Who in America*, as it is now organised, will be a most useful publication to English journalists and men of affairs. Day by day we are compelled to take cognisance of new American names and reputations. With this volume at one's elbow the task of discovering and

remembering these will be greatly lightened. There is a strong leaven of names which have been made common to both countries by birth, residence, or marriage; and such inclusions as Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, Mr. Marion Crawford, Mrs. Craigie, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Yerkes are useful.

Other New Books.

A Ride in Morocco, Among Believers and Traders. By Frances Macnab. (Arnold. 15s.)

THIS is not a scientific or profound account of Morocco as it stands. It is a woman's unfailingly bright and entertaining review of the panoramic impressions which passed before her during a journey through the country. Being a shrewd, kindly, tolerant, sensible, and self-reliant woman, with a quick eye for character and the picturesque, Mrs. (or Miss) Macnab has given us a book full of various attraction and novelty. Morocco is becoming an increasing field for English travellers and book-compilers, though to Mr. Cunningham Grahame alone was it given to write the unforgettable book on Morocco. One can readily understand it. Morocco is aglow with colour and still haunted by the past. The present author's sex enabled her also to penetrate the harem, one lady insisting on the exhibition of her wardrobe: The clothes, says the author, were certainly numerous and magnificent:

There were three suits in particular—jacket, waistcoat and knickerbockers—of a pale blue cloth heavily embroidered with gold, of a maize-yellow cloth, embroidered with silver, and a rich rose-crimson embroidered with dark navy-blue silk. These, with brilliant sashes, must have looked very fine. The linen, too, was extremely delicate, and beautifully washed. In the middle of the room, upon the floor, was a mattress, and in front of it a cheap little looking-glass, such as one might find in a poor cottage at home.

For in Morocco, as elsewhere, native art is being ignored in favour of cheap and ugly Western goods. It is sad, this triumphal progress of ugliness round the globe.

Travel and Adventure in Tibet. By William Cary. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

MR. CARY further states on his title-page that his book includes "the Diary of Miss Annie R. Taylor's remarkable journey from Tau-Chau to Ta-Chien-Lu, through the heart of the Forbidden Land." This is curiously misleading. The book, in fact, is Miss Taylor's diary, preceded by a long account of the country and its people, drawn from various sources. This account is certainly interesting and useful to the reader who wishes for some general knowledge of this hidden land. But the essential thing, as Mr. Cary is fully aware, is the diary. It is the first complete account of that bold journey which has appeared—unsatisfying summaries being all we had before. Yet it is a pity that the diary comes long after the public have forgotten the adventure it describes. It was in 1892-93 that Miss Taylor accomplished what brought torture on Mr. Landor:

Starting from the north of China, near the Great Wall, Miss Taylor entered Tibet, penetrated almost to Lhasa, and returned by another route. She was seven months and ten days in the forbidden land. Her only arms were a pistol, and her only instruments a telescope and a watch. The telescope was stolen, and it does not appear that she ever had occasion to use it. The watch she tried unceasingly to barter for something more useful, such as a tent or a hat. . . . She toiled over unmapped mountains and jogged through unvisited valleys, provokingly oblivious of the claims of science, and constrained only when something went wrong with the cooking to notice the boiling-point.

The diary of such a journey could not but be interesting; and interesting it is, though quite without literary art, and simple even to baldness. It was certainly worth publishing, but the thing should have been done long since.

Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland. By W. G. Wood-Martin, M.R.I.A. 2 Vols. (Longmans. 80s. net.)

WE confess to laying down Col. Wood-Martin's "folk-lore sketch" with much disappointment. It is almost wholly useless for the purposes of the scientific anthropologist. An adequate account of Irish paganism is much needed, and the literary record and the folk-lore record between them would afford by now a good deal of material. Col. Wood-Martin's two heavy volumes are partly given to an account of geological and archaeological facts which have the least possible to do with his professed subject, partly to a slipshod jumble of modern and historical religious data, put together in the worst antiquarian style. The author's opinions are negligible. He rarely troubles to give an exact reference, and appears to be unacquainted with the methods and problems of anthropology. This is one of the books that cumber libraries. The only part of it which could be of any possible value is a bibliographical list of works and of articles in magazines and learned transactions upon Irish archaeology which is printed as an appendix.

We welcome the first volume of the Edinburgh edition of Lockhart's *Life of Scott* (T. C. & E. C. Jack). It will satisfy the most exacting critic of the art of book-making. The blue buckram binding is commendably quiet in tone, and the blue leather labels are just right. Paper and illustrations are of the best. The text is that of the second edition, dated 1839; and the work will follow that edition in running to ten volumes. Some additional names and particulars which Lockhart added to an abridged edition published 1848 are here given as foot-notes. What we have here, therefore, is Lockhart's *Life* in the complete form given to it by its author. The illustrations in this volume are chiefly portraits, and the list of them is made valuable by the carefully compiled particulars of the original paintings, their dimensions and present whereabouts.

Messrs. Methuen issue in their "Little Library" a charming two-volume reprint of Susan Ferrier's novel, *Marriage*, edited, with a biographical preface, by Mr. A. Goodrich-Freer, and with a critical appreciation by the Earl of Idlesleigh. Susan Ferrier has a good many would-be readers, and this edition should help to convert them into actual readers. In a letter to her friend, Miss Clavering, in one of the earliest years of last century, she wrote: "I do not recollect ever to have seen the sudden transition of a high-bred English beauty, who thinks she can sacrifice all for love, to an uncomfortable, solitary Highland dwelling, among tall, red-haired sisters and grim-faced aunts. Don't you think this would make a good opening of the piece? Suppose each of us try our hands on it." These young women were then talking of collaboration, but in the end they went their own ways, and after eight years' work *Marriage* saw the light. The copyright of the novel sold for £150, the same sum, the Earl of Idlesleigh reminds us, that was paid to Jane Austen for her first published novel, *Sense and Sensibility*. The story was a success; Mrs. Piozzi, in London, said it was "a very comical thing," and Sir Walter Scott, in Edinburgh, said it was a "very lively work." "What have we to say about it now, when eighty years have gone by?" is the Earl of Idlesleigh's pertinent question. At the moment we can only say that it is very daintily and completely presented by Messrs. Methuen.

Of Coronation literature we expect to see much in the next three months. Mr. Arthur H. Beavan is early in the

field with a budget of Coronation facts and anecdotes, entitled *Crowning the King* (Pearson). He has packed into two hundred pages a great deal of information about the development of the Coronation ceremony, Coronation pageants and banquets, the Regalia, the robes and ritual proper to such occasions, and what not. Industry is needed to make a book like this a success, and Mr. Beavan has not grudged it.

The first volume of *The Life of His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. from His Birth to His Coronation* is issued by Messrs. Virtue with all their command of artistic and interesting illustration. Portraits, views, and even caricatures add interest to the narrative, which has been written by Mr. J. Penderel-Bradhurst. The work, which is bound and decorated in excellent taste, will be completed in four volumes.

The sword and the pen are never long separated in these days; it is no surprise, therefore, to find that even the doings of the Chinese Regiment in North China in the year 1900 have supplied the material of a book. In *On Active Service with the Chinese Regiment* (Grant Richards), Captain A. A. S. Barnes endeavours, we think with sufficient success, to show that this regiment was not deserving of the many unkind things that were said about it. His narrative shows, indeed, that the regiment was brought by steady drill to march against their own rebellious countrymen and to present an unflinching front. The story is told in a direct, unpretending way, is not too long, and is illustrated by photographs.

Although Messrs. Bell's Miniature Series of Painters consists of shilling volumes of very small size, we are struck by its usefulness. These tiny monographs are in reality well-arranged primers, very useful to have on a side shelf. Those on Watteau and Holman Hunt, now before us, convey both a just idea of these artists in their relation to the history of art and much definite information about their work. The illustrations are very small, but they have real utility. The list given of the chief works of each artist and their present whereabouts is a good feature.

Following Messrs. Bell's recent issue of a new Bohn edition of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* comes *The Conquest of Peru*, edited, like the other work, by that close student of Prescott, Mr. John Foster Kirk, of Boston, who writes an Introductory Book on the Incas with a view to preparing the reader for the story of their subjugation.

Among new editions just issued are *A Tale of Two Cities* (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.); *The Tower of London*, by Harrison Ainsworth (Gibbings. 2 Vols. 5s. net).

Fiction.

Gorki in Little.

Twenty-six Men and a Girl. By Maxime Gorki. Translated from the Russian by Emily Jakowleff and Dora B. Montefiore. Introduction by Edward Garnett. (Duckworth. 1s. 6d. net.)

Two months ago we expressed the opinion that it is too early to arrive at any definite conclusion about Maxime Gorki. A perusal of the four stories in this handy paper-backed volume only confirms us in a suspense of judgment. One-fourth of the book, the story called "Tchelkash," was among the data on which we ventured to shelve Gorki's case. A new story, "My Fellow Traveller," is remarkably like "Tchelkash" in subject and treatment. Each is properly an episode or transcript of everyday life. In each the wits and prejudices of two men are pitted against each other under circumstances of stress; but while in "Tchelkash" it is the peasant versus the seaport vagabond, in "My Fellow Traveller" it is the sturdy Russian workman versus a feeble young Georgian prince down on

his luck. Both stories start among the enormous forms and movements of the docks, and on the characteristic Gorki note of man's littleness and weakness among the creatures of his invention. It is worth while to put fragments of the two dock scenes side by side:

"TCHELKASH."

The men . . . the first source of all that uproar, were ludicrous and pitiable: their little figures, dusty, tattered, nimble, bent under the weight of goods that lay on their backs, under the weight of cares that drove them hither and thither, in the clouds of dust, in the sea of sweltering heat and din, were so trivial and small in comparison with the colossal iron monsters, the mountains of bales, the thundering railway trucks and all that they had created. Their own creation had enslaved them, and stolen away their individual life.

"MY FELLOW TRAVELLER."

I met him in the harbour of Odessa. . . . Everyone else about the port was enmeshed in its immense complex machinery, which demanded incessant vigilance and endless toil. Everyone here was busy, loading and unloading either steamers or railway trucks. Everyone was tired and careworn. Everyone was hurrying to and fro, shouting or cursing, covered with dirt and sweat. In the midst of the toil and bustle this singular person, with his air of deadly boredom, strolled about deliberately, heedless of everything.

This ironical and pathetic posing of labour among the overgrown apparatus of labour is of the fibre of Maxime Gorki's revolutionary gospel, but it also answers to a well-nigh universal habit of the eye which sensitive misery develops—the habit of noting material forms, accidents of shape, and effects of atmosphere. While the unhappy Gavril is waiting in the boat for Tchelkash to return from his night-snatching of a box of silks he is almost crushed by his surroundings:

On the right the damp stone wall of the quay trailed its length, winding like a heavy, chill serpent. Behind him, too, could be seen black blurs of some sort, while in front, in the opening between the wall and the side of that coffin, he could see the sea, a silent waste, with the storm-clouds crawling above it. Everything was cold, black, malignant. Gavril felt panic-stricken. This terror was worse than the terror inspired in him by Tchelkash; it penetrated into Gavril's bosom with icy keenness, huddled him into a cowering mass, and kept him nailed to his seat in the boat.

What is newest in "Tchelkash" and "My Fellow Traveller" is the play of man on man representing the play of Russian class on class. The whole has a graphic interest of a high order.

The story which gives its name to this volume is a slice out of life in an underground bakery, where twenty-six miserable toilers grow to worship Tanya, the bright-eyed little maid who comes with a smile every morning from the embroiderer's upstairs to have her apron filled with newly-baked kringels. How these men come to stake their belief in Tanya on her resistance to a seducer is the story. It is a remorseless and flawless progression of motive and action, which in the end makes the misery of these men seem such as might check the laughter of a devil. "Twenty-six Men" is not, however, momentous as a story. It has the adventurous interest of all contests, and the added interest of a special and significant atmosphere which is Gorki's own.

The best story in the book, judged as art, is "On a Raft." Here we find shape and unity, and a remarkably poignant accuracy of drama. Even here it is probable that Gorki receives unusual aid from his subject. The action passes on a raft between four people who, by the exigencies of navigation, are located with a chess-board significance. Standing aft at their oars are Mitia, the son of the owner, a weak fanatical lad of twenty-two, and the mocking, muscular peasant Sergei, whose remarks and oar-strokes make the chorus of the piece. Forward, at shouting dis-

tance, are the lad's giant father and the lad's robust young wife making shameful love. Shameful? One month's delay would have given the girl to Silan, and have sent the spineless young Mitia to live with the Doukhobors. As it is . . . well, human nature is rampant. And there, on the swaying raft, with shout and lantern-light, with tortured curse and tortured prayer, in the vast fog of the Volga, in the deeper fog of a God-defying morality forged in the heat of the heart's emergency, the raft sways on tangentially in the night, lapped by the endless waters, until day breaks on the uncanceled intentions of the lovers:

Silan glanced at Marka.

She was cold. She leant forward on her pole in a doubled-up attitude. She was looking ahead with dreaming eyes; and a mysterious, charming smile played on her lips—such a smile as makes even an ugly woman charming and desirable.

"Look ahead, lads! Ahoy! Ahoy!" hailed Silan, with all the force of his lungs, feeling a powerful pulse of energy and strength in his strong breast.

And all around seemed to tremble with his cry. The echo resounded long from the high banks on either side.

That is all. In an introduction marked no less by restraint of valuation than by sympathetic insight, Mr. Edward Garnett supplies the right comment on this story. Compelled rapidly to shift his moral judgment, the reader is left to murmur the lines:

Before ye gie poor frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases.

To call a story like this immoral is absurd. It shows us the storm and wash of human nature around one of the light-houses of the moral law. But the light-house stands.

That such stories as Gorki's can be readily utilised (this valuable word is Mr. Garnett's) by the Russian public to-day is very certain; and we have to distinguish between what is useful to that public and what is of value to all publics. But when Mr. Garnett says "it is clear that Gorki's talent is worth watching" he says what is indubitably true.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SCARLET AND HYSSOP.

By E. F. BENSON.

The author of *Dodo* is by way of being a social satirist, and if his satire does not bite very deep, it is because his feeling towards the people and things satirised is not exactly antagonistic. His new novel deals with smart society, the peerage, politics, and horses. "The heavenly devils" was Mildred's way of referring to a pair of mettlesome cobs, which bolt in the park, and trample "out of all semblance of humanity" the face of the man who stopped them, so saving Mildred. "For the millionth part of a second their eyes met." His name was, of course, Jack. (Heinemann. 6s.)

GENTLEMAN GARNET.

By HARRY B. VOGEL.

A tale of old Tasmania. It opens in the year 1838, when an English officer might have been seen walking rapidly down Macquarie Street, the chief street of Hobart Town. Presently we are among the convicts of the penal colony. One of them is ordered to be flogged, and sent to the iron-gangs for twelve months. Gentleman Garnet was in the prime of life. "His height, his breadth of shoulder, his whole carriage, stamped him at a glance as of immense physical strength." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE MASTER OF BEECHWOOD.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

The scene of this story is laid partly in Australia and partly in England. Gold-diggers hold the stage at the opening, and in Chapter III. John Effingham strikes "the

richest lode of gold that had been found in that part of the country." But that was not the end of John's good fortune. The death of an uncle makes him master of Beechwood, so he returns to England accompanied by "his two old aunts and their young lady companion." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE LAND OF THE LOST.

By W. SATCHELL.

A story of the New Zealand gum country, of lonely men, wild passions, and, on occasion, of straight shooting. Esther had been told that there are certain men you must kill outright. If you wound them they will probably kill you. So when the stranger moved suddenly forward, and laid his hand on the rug above her knee, he found himself looking down the barrel of a pistol. The next instant there was a loud report, and the tent became filled with smoke. (Methuen. 6s.)

HIGH TREASON.

A romance of the days of George the Second—anonymous, and dedicated to F., earliest and most encouraging of readers. It begins, where so many good romances have begun, on the Dover Road. It was a damp evening in the autumn of the year 1744 that Mr. Philip Selwyn, being then nineteen years of age, sat with his friend in an inn on the Dover Road, and waited for his supper. A fine flavour of the period is given by some of the chapter headings, as: "At Ranelagh," "At Lady Scarlett's in Soho Square," "The Green Man at Watford." (Murray. 6s.)

A DREAM OF FREEDOM.

By HUME NISBET.

In a preface Mr. Nisbet takes the reader into his confidence. He has written forty and odd works of fiction, with "an average of five important characters to each." Or, to quote another of his calculations, four million words. He is still hale and cheery, although a little "agin the critics," whom he accuses of poking about the mole-heaps of literature and ignoring the mountains. The present work—Mr. Nisbet's forty-somethingth—is a romance of South America, where he imagines a new colony on the lines of the Socialistic community in Paraguay. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

THE STAR SAPPHIRE.

By MABEL COLLINS.

"She is forgiven," said the Canon, simply, and raised his hands as if to speed her soul with a parting blessing. That was the end of Clare. She tried Philip much. He was troubled even in Chapter I., where he first makes the acquaintance of Canon Winterby. "The man of the Christ-life," Philip called him. The Canon makes Philip sign the pledge, and, "having rung for a servant to open the door, went back to his study, rejoicing." (Treherne. 2s. 6d.)

ATONEMENT BY PROXY.

By SARAH TYTLER.

Olive Latimer was tall and slender, and "she had a soul above the tricks of dress and its endless frippery." You may read all about her in this story—how she gave half her substance away, and how "she is going to marry a man whom the world will never cease to brand." Said Miss Holt: "I believe the fellow—I suppose I must call him the ex-convict no longer—loves the ground she treads upon." (Digby Long. 6s.)

DEAR PAUL.

By G. BERESFORD FITZGERALD.

Mainly about Paul. We make his acquaintance first in Ireland, "a magnificent boy of fifteen, dressed in the very height of fashion." Then follows a section of Paul's life, and when we part from him he has gone once more "on the noble path of duty. . . . And, if the Almighty wills, he hopes to return to the woman he devotedly loves, and, if not, he will go home to Christ, who died for him, as thousands who have lived as Paul has lived, have done in the ages past." (Digby Long. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.

Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.

Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage).....	17/6
" Quarterly	5/0
" Price for one issue	/5

The Nobodies.

THE nobodies have come greatly to the front in literature of late years. In life they remain nobodies, in literature they are somebodies with a following. By the nobodies we mean the people who are nobody in the ordinary sense of the word: the crowd, the suburbs—or, say, nine-tenths of the population of London. Of course there are as many ranks among the nobodies as among the somebodies, and there is no need to seek close distinctions. Nor need a man be a nobody because he lives among and after the manner of nobodies. Whatever definition you adopt, whatever degrees of insignificance you recognise, the fact remains that the world is mainly peopled by nobodies—by men and women who can be lumped together by the hundred thousand. It cannot be otherwise. It is the nobodies who make the world and whose condition is the real condition of society. They bear that relation to the somebodies which the soil bears to the trees. The men who have moved the world have done it by applying themselves to this central estate of humanity. Below it the volcanic fires sleep. Narrow this to our own day and its literature, and what do we find? Ibsen, Zola, Sudermann, Gorki, and to a large extent Tolstoy, have applied themselves to the study of the common person. Their characters are chiefly, nay almost wholly, drawn from the nobodies. This is because no other ranks would have served their purpose. Their whole business was with the common clay of humanity, not with its infrequent gems. But the restriction is a testimony.

Outside the ring of giants there has been a growing tendency among novelists to enter this curiously neglected field. The good novel of Parliament, Diplomacy, and Mayfair can never be anything but important and entertaining; its existence is not for a moment threatened. But the novel of the Suburbs, the Train to the City, and the Mean Street has taken lasting root. Dickens did enormous service by introducing it with a cuisine and condiments which made it palatable. By discovering the grotesque elements in the characters and ways of nobodies he awakened the attention to the normal and, in the end, far more significant psychology of the ordinary person. Nothing but a real and fairly wide awakening of such an interest can account for the existence of Mr. George Gissing's interpretations of the lower middle classes. By their patience and volume, and by their whole fibre, they require such an explanation. Mr. Gissing's least sympathetic critics admit that he stands apart and that he stands for something. His case is this: that with widely different feelings and talents, he has followed Dickens into the study of every-day London. His method, if you can call that a method which is essentially individual, is so different from Dickens's as to seem its reaction. Dickens went into the crowd a great emotional interpreter of its surface oddities, pathos, and variety; whereas Mr. Gissing has gone into it as a keenly interested but merciless searcher into its mind, habits, and tastes. Harold Biffen's enthusiasm for the "ignobly decent" as material for literature (in *The New Grub Street*) is really a sort of *locus*

classicus, and we have always thought that it is Mr. Gissing's clearest indication of his own task. "What I really aim at," says Biffen to Edwin Reardon, in his garret off the Tottenham Court Road,

is an absolute realism in the sphere of the ignobly decent. The field, as I understand it, is a new one; I don't know any writer who has treated ordinary vulgar life with fidelity and seriousness. Zola writes deliberate tragedies; his vilest figures become heroic from the place they fill in a strongly imagined drama. I want to deal with the essentially unheroic, with the day-to-day life of that vast majority of people who are at the mercy of paltry circumstance. Dickens understood the possibility of such work, but his tendency to melodrama on the one hand, and his humour on the other, prevented him from thinking of it. . . . The result will be something unutterably tedious. Precisely. That is the stamp of the ignobly decent life. If it were anything but tedious it would be untrue. I speak, of course, of its effect upon the ordinary reader.

The ordinary reader has, we fear, endorsed Biffen's prediction. Mr. Gissing's novels divide critics and almost separate friends. Of two men who commonly agree fairly well in literary judgments, one finds him depressing, almost insufferable, the other is keenly expectant of everything he writes. The controversy must be postponed. But Harold Biffen goes on to give an example of the "ignobly decent" which, apart from controversy, it will be useful to quote:

As I came along by Regent's Park half an hour ago a man and a girl were walking close in front of me, love-making; I passed them slowly and heard a good deal of their talk—it was part of the situation that they should pay no heed to a stranger's proximity. Now, such a love-scene as that has absolutely never been written down; it was entirely decent, yet vulgar to the nth power. Dickens would have made it ludicrous—a gross injustice. Other men who deal with low-class life would perhaps have preferred idealising it—an absurdity. For my own part, I am going to reproduce it verbatim, without one single impertinent suggestion of any point of view save that of honest reporting.

Here Mr. Gissing allows Biffen to put his idea of the Novel of the Nobodies more crudely than he would put it in his own person. "Honest reporting" is assuredly not one-fourth of Mr. Gissing's art. It is perhaps the whole art (no mean one) of a series of *Hospital Sketches*, by Lucas Galen (Grant Richards), which is the text, somewhat belated we grant, of these discursive remarks. The standpoint is that of the hospital doctor receiving out-patients. Many of his clients are not even ignobly decent; they are shameless, heartless, and drunken. We have glimpses of the savagery of the slum—the depths which Mr. Gissing plumbed only in his *Nether World*. Just above this stratum comes that in which cruelty and indifference rest on a dumb misery and midnight darkness of the mind which no sun has ever dispersed. An instance is "The Love-Twins," which we abbreviate as follows:

A wretched-looking, undersized girl, aged eighteen, comes in bearing a bundle. She is obviously in an advanced stage of consumption. She undoes the bundle and reveals a horrible pair of babies. . . . They pipe a shrill duet, and wriggle like a couple of hideous skinny little red worms.

DOCTOR (viewing them with some dismay): "Which is which?"

MOTHER (in a thick hoarse voice, interrupted by frequent coughs): "This is Gwendoling Victorier, and this is Violet Alexandrer. They is little love-twins, and I wants 'em took into 'Orspital 'cause I've got to go out to work. I've 'ad 'em chris'ened an' all, so they'll be all right in case they's took wuss."

We rise to the ignobly decent in the sketch called "Placens Uxor," in which a doctor tries to persuade a mother to leave

her little girl, who has undergone an operation, a little longer in the hospital:

DOCTOR: "But think of the operation she has gone through."

MOTHER: "Oh, yes! that's just it! We wouldn't have given our consent to an operation if we'd known you was going to give her 'chlorryform.' It's that what's killing her, and we mean to have the Law on you for it; you'd no right to give her 'chlorryform' without our consent."

DOCTOR: "But we couldn't put her to such pain without chloroform. It's foolish to talk like that" (off his guard).

MOTHER (furious): "Ho, no, sir! it's not foolish! I may be a fool—but my husband he's no fool. You doctors are very clever—very clever, indeed—but you can't *always* hoodwink us poor folks. And *pain!* It's little you doctors think about pain! We all know how you torment poor dumb animals for your own amusement. And what's a child but a poor dumb animal? for it can't say what it suffers. But a mother's eye can see, and I know that my child's being starved to death for some of you doctors' experiments, and I only brought her a cake and a little pork pie (which her aunt made o' purpose for her), and the matron she up and spoke to me in a way I'll not stand from nobody—asked me if I wanted to kill the child, indeed!"

The woman at last consents to leave Bella for another week, and her ignobly decent husband, "who has appeared somewhat shamefaced during his wife's tirade, remains behind, and whispers, 'I'm sure I'm very thankful for what you've done. The missis is a bit uppish at times, but she's a good 'un at bottom.'" These reports of actual encounters in the out-patients' ward of a great hospital do not pretend to be literature. They are a cleverly accurate diary, touched with just the amount of humour that rose out of the occasion and the moment. But their unpretentiousness does not blind us to the fact that they are conceived in a spirit which would have been considered very new indeed twenty years ago, when the Nobody was twice a nobody.

Harold Biffen's phrase is, of course, a narrow one. It would be foolish to use it in connection with many ranks of the great world of nobodies. Above the ignobly decent section of society is a population which might be described as the undistinguished decent, and above these a vast stratum which no one would think of eulogising in terms of decency. Higher still there is a section which Samuel Richardson would have described as "not ungentle." And so on. Each stratum has in recent years obtained recognition in literature. It is hardly necessary to run over the names of writers who have found their subjects in these regions of life whose comparative obscurity is due to their vastness. Mr. Anstey's *Voices Populi* struck quite a new note of observation. Writers like Mr. Morrison, Mr. Pett Ridge, and Mr. Jacobs have explored byways that no one ever looked into so carefully before. Mr. Zangwill has done unique work. Mr. Barrie interested all Britain in one village, and it is significant of the opportunities which are offered to novelists of the masses that Mr. John Douglas has recently been able to turp a new light on Mr. Barrie's own world, almost upon his own characters. Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Dudeney (whose story *The Maternity of Harriet Wicken* must live in the memory of its readers), and Mr. Richard Whiteing have all made the nobodies interesting. Mr. H. G. Wells can turn to their narrow interests with gusto, even from his adventurous dealings with space and time and the half-tamed forces of the universe. Withal, this field has only been skirted. It is vain and presumptuous, no doubt, to suggest themes to novelists who respect their individuality. But we should like to see a talent like Mr. Wells's (in *The Wheels of Chance* and *Love and Mr. Lewisham*) directed to such a problem as this: On a pleasant (though clayey) slope just outside the London ring a florid person in leggings stands

looking right and left of him, while his terrier noses for rabbits in the nearest hedge. He is a speculative builder, and sees a vision of houses. The houses are run up, and are occupied faster than their mortar dries. Shops, tram-cars, and sects follow rapidly; the cellular tissue of London repeats itself, solidifies, and breathes regularly. To a novel based on this evolution of a suburb from a cow-pasture Mr. Wells could bring great gifts, and it would be well worth doing.

Is it the destiny of the Novel, which has concerned itself with the Jews first, to deal also with the Gentiles; to gather in sphere after sphere of life, counting nothing common, following in the wake of the dusty, evolutionary pageant in which all Nobodies tend to become Somebodies?

Things Seen.

Gods.

I CAME upon them in a deserted little provincial museum. The cases of birds and insects, ores and pottery, local finds and antiquated models were ordinary and uninteresting; but as I turned away, the caretaker stayed my half-hearted examination of his collection, and jerked his thumb towards a door behind me.

"There's a fine lot of idols in there, Chinese, Japanese, and such, merchant from these parts as died out thereabouts left 'em. Rarish specimens. Old gentlemen down here last summer, spent days and days a-looking round 'em, said as the British Museum ain't got a finer collection, and no specimen at all of several." He returned to his newspaper, and I walked in to see the gods.

They crowded the dusty shelves, and were ranged upon the floor; a mass of lotus-crowned, flat-nosed tarnished-gilt images. I read the designating names upon each—Fudo—Kwannon—Amida—Yakushi—Jizo. The titles conveyed little to my uninformed Occidental mind, but I could see at a glance the amazing variety of the collection. There were images half beast, half man, and little naked child Buddhas, wrought delicately with grace of line, peacocks, and demoniacal beaked figures of bronze that towered to the ceiling. Here was a many-headed gloomy monster upon a curiously-moulded throne; there a supple-limbed feminine form, with a daintiness apparent beneath the grotesque execution of the figure. There was something languorous and fascinating in the Eastern atmosphere of the place; a suspicion of Oriental mystery and dusky mythology, that seemed to hang in the air like an palpable presence. I fancied I detected the faint sweetness of incense, a ghostly reminiscence of the idols' age-gone oblations. I lingered—held curiously by that unnamed spell, and the memory of a passage once carelessly read, returned with sudden meaning: "Each eidolon shaped by human faith remains the shell of a truth eternally divine; and even the shell itself may hold a ghostly power."

"Thought you'd like to look at the images! They idols worth a lot of money—old gentleman here last summer said—" I did not wait to hear the old gentleman's opinion again; but as I stepped out into the spring afternoon, I had thoughts of my own concerning Amida, Yakushi and Jizo.

The Reader.

WE met at one another's houses to read and discuss—an ordinary, well-bred assembly. Fearing that an excess of culture might appear to render us narrow-minded or exclusive, we had begun to admit members whom socially we ignored. Our latest addition had appeared. She was, I fancy, a Board-school teacher: a tall, lank, middle-aged woman,

very much in earnest and more than a little embarrassed. I watched her turning the pages in awkward eagerness, and observed that she wore elastic-side boots. Nobody smiled—we were far too well-bred for that—when she began to read her portion in a high-pitched voice, with emphasised aspirates:

Who was a queen, and loved a poet once
Humpbacked, a dwarf? ah, women can do that!
Well but men too: at least, they tell you so.

Through the tones of the thin, commonplace voice, that broke oddly in such unmusical cadences, I heard suddenly the longing of a starved heart, caught the unmistakable note of abandonment, and, although I had read that passage many times and heard it read, somehow never before had I realised the full significance of the tragedy:

How soon a smile of God can change the world!
How we are made for happiness—how work
Grows play, adversity a winning fight!

The voice stopped jerkily; somebody murmured a polite nothing. The reader wiped her damp brow with a voluminous handkerchief. I knew why she had read thus—she understood and felt.

"Was it not odd, that woman's reading?" asked my companion, fastening her sable coat.

"Yes," I answered. "We don't read like that, do we?"

Bentley: Cathedral Builder.

THE death of Mr. John Francis Bentley was quite expected, and yet a surprise; for surprise is a paradoxical property belonging to deaths the most inevitable. The paralytic seizure which came to him at the house of a friend on Friday night last week had sent its precursor in warnings twice repeated. His body, all but lifeless, was borne to his home, The Sweep, Clapham Common, where, the next morning, his last sigh was breathed. If at the age of sixty an architect undertakes a great Byzantine Cathedral in London and a nearly as great Gothic one in New York, he may well have misgivings about his possibilities of putting the finishing touch to his fabrics. There is not, indeed, the pathos of a young departure. But there is a pathos all the same, and we do not get accustomed to its pang by its repetition. In the very midst of their main life works, one after another, have the architects of our time passed away—Mr. Phipps, Mr. Brydon, Mr. Young, and the rest. As someone recalls, it is the old story of the Prentice Pillar in Rosslyn Chapel.

Bentley was Yorkshire born. Like another great decorator, the late Mr. Barges, he had a certain uncouthness about his speech and manner which never appeared in his designs. In those he was finesse itself, and the great cathedral at Westminster may in this respect be likened to that other miracle of delicacy—an heroic design with more than the finish of a miniature—the Holbein cartoon of Henry VIII. now on view at the New Gallery. Mr. Bentley was a boy of ambitions somewhat in advance of his wine merchant father's ideas. He had the dream of being an artist—a mere dream in his father's eyes; but the burning down of the grand old Parish Church at Doncaster both fixed his bent and afforded him his opportunity. The clerk of the works found him a corner, and the youth had at least elbow-room, and an elbow at last which reached to London. Very independent in character, he at once took a certain standing when his first drawings were seen by his fellows. He did not seek either fame or work unduly. He preferred to be poor rather than to tout, and by

degrees he settled into the fixed idea that exposure at the Royal Academy did not add either to professional excellence or to personal dignity. In spite of these eccentricities, as some named them, work came to him. Like friends to Newman, "unasked, unsought," the clients came to Bentley's door. The results are to be seen in such buildings as the Sacred Heart Convent at Hammersmith, originally built for Cardinal Manning as his Seminary—a discreet edifice which nearly opposes in position, and altogether in style, St. Paul's School. Of churches he could point to the Holy Rood at Watford, Corpus Christi at Brighton, and St. Mark's in North Audley Street. At Hastings he put up St. Mary's Star of the Sea for Coventry Patmore, who characteristically said of him: "Bentley is the only architect I ever met who knows as much as I do about architecture." St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, he restored.

All this time the grand and almost defiant idea of the Westminster Cathedral was simmering. Then the day came when the dream of Cardinal Manning could be the accomplishment of his successor. Anybody who knows the pressure brought on an Ecclesiastic who has a big commission to give out could almost pity Cardinal Vaughan that at last, by luck and by pluck, he had the means at his disposal to make a start; and nobody will deny him the praise of his courage and his taste in the selection of Mr. Bentley. Mr. Bentley himself knew quite well what that choice cost; and never was brought to the service of any church-builder of ancient or modern times a loyalty more devoted than that which this architect dedicated to the task placed in his hands by the Cardinal, who greatly confided because he also greatly dared. He had in his mind no less a scheme than the erection of a cathedral which should have no equals for size except St. Paul's and the Abbey, and should in some of its dimensions surpass even these. The vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself must often, in bad quarters of an hour, have presented itself to him; the hoots of the onlooker, not excluding the onlooker of his own communion who is perhaps a convinced Goth or a fixed Roman, must antcipatedly have sounded on his ears. But Mr. Bentley lived long enough to justify the Cardinal and to justify himself. The battle of the styles must always rage, but the Byzantine Cathedral of Westminster has by now become almost neutral ground. It, too, has already become, even as the adjacent Abbey, a temple of reconciliation.

That enormous outer fabric is now practically complete. The bricks have but to be added in the place prepared for them by Bentley's careful hand. His own great monument is, therefore, in a sense set up. But the style of the church is one that invites to—nay, clamours for—a vast scheme of interior decoration. Great and much was the thinking he gave to that department; and, despite notes left, it is impossible that his death can be other than a great disarrangement. Nor is this sadness wanting—that it was the portion of his work on which he was ready most of all to plume himself. "I flatter myself I do know something about decoration," he admitted to the present writer, with a deprecatory wave of the hand over his achievements as a setter of one stone on another.

Fatalism has its fascination for us all; and several persons have recalled to their minds the misgivings which occasionally passed through Bentley. "Shall I live to see it completed?" he would ask at times, as he gazed up at his enormous tower, growing line upon line day after day. But his note was predominantly a sanguine one; and he did, as a normal thing, expect to be present, a year hence, or two years if may be, at the great opening ceremony which would have been the great day of his life. At the laying of the foundation-stone, at his own request, his name was kept out of hearing. But the finished cathedral could not have tolerated any such suppression. The very stones

already cry out. His recognition must come—or he must go. Had the alternative been left for choice to himself, I verily believe that he would have chosen to go. Yet, diffident as he was, pleasant to him was the news that the Royal Institute of British Architects had decided to award him their medal—as they would indeed have done had his life been prolonged by two or three days. It was a tribute—at any rate to the intelligence of the client who chose him. One imagines him still within those noble walls of his own erecting—those walls into which he built so much of himself—all of himself, may it not now be said?

And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.

W. M.

An Appreciation.

WHAT Henry Lawson's talent is it would be impossible to discover from his poetry. His verse, to put it bluntly, is the verse of a thousand-and-one vigorous versifiers of to-day, writing humorously or picturesquely it may be, but producing work thereby which shows the stamp of the literary artisan rather than of the artist. To consider Lawson's verse is, however, interesting, because through its medium his characteristic humour, sentiment and outlook on life struggle vainly to express anything that others have not put better. Lawson's verse is that of a third-rate writer; his prose is that of a writer who represents a continent. Like a voice speaking to you through a blanket, the poems convey the speaker's rough meaning, but all the shades of original tone are muffled, lost or hidden. There is plenty of evidence of rattling humour and sentimentalism in the poems, and these indeed show the skeleton of his talent, but all its delicate nerves and tissues and ligaments that make the writer truly original, one must look for in his prose.

I have said that Henry Lawson's sketches bring before us the life of a continent, and if my readers like to qualify this high praise by putting it thus: "In the absence of great writers he is the writer who best represents the Australia of to-day," I shall not object. No writer, of course, stands for the whole life of his nation, but only for a part, and if Australia had now a flowering time of national genius, with a representative group of creative talents appearing, Lawson, undeniably, might find his place marked *proxime accessit*. A writer's place in the national life cannot, however, be assessed by any official handicap, or by including him in an Olympian contest of merit between the modern writers of all nations. Lawson's special value to us is that he stands as the representative writer of a definite environment, as the portrayer of life on the Australian soil, and that he brings before our eyes more fully and vividly than any other man the way the Australian people's life is going, its characteristic spirit, code, and outlook; the living thought and sensation of these tens and hundreds and thousands and millions of people who make up the Australian democracy. And here, to place Lawson rightly. I must make a distinction between "representative" writers. Thousands of modern writers are typical of their surroundings, and are, indeed, products of the environments they envisage for us. There are, perhaps, over a hundred clever French writers to-day who consciously and acutely analyse the spirit of their generation, but a writer must not only reflect life, he must focus and typify, and the more he can focus of life the more significant he becomes. Thus, there are many clever novelists, but only one Anatole France. Lawson, as an artist, is often crude and disappointing, often sketchy and rough, but many of his slightest sketches show he has the faculty of bringing life to a focus, of making it typical. Further, the point is, What is the artist's commentary on

the life he represents worth? What depth of human nature does his insight touch? To answer these elementary questions is to explain why we place two such representative writers as Balzac and Eugene Sue, the one fairly high in the scale, the other decidedly low, and why we place Fielding higher than Smollett. And to answer it is also to explain why Australia can really show us a national writer in Henry Lawson, while Canada is sending us an ingenious, clever, and provincial story-teller in Mr. Gilbert Parker. Lawson's journalistic sketches establish fresh creative values of life, but the mere ingenious, popular story-tellers only re-affirm the old valuations. It is in the sense, then, of being a national writer that Henry Lawson's work deserves careful attention from the English people. We hear a great deal to-day of "The Empire," and of "Hands across the sea," but in truth English people seem to care much more about expressing fraternal emotions than in ascertaining what is in their kinsmen's heads.

To turn to Lawson's art. If we are to measure his tales chiefly by their sketchiness, by their inequalities, by their casual air of being an ingenious reporting of entertaining incidents, if we are to lay stress on the caricaturist and the sentimental writer in him, we must in that case join hands with the academic critics who, no doubt with the highest standards of the great masters constantly before them, and with keen eyes for the relative planes of fine art, may affirm that Lawson's work really falls within the province of those ephemeral story-tellers who serve only to amuse their generation. The answering argument is that Lawson through these journalistic tales interprets the life of the Australian people, typifies the average life for us, and takes us beneath the surface. His tales are not merely all foreground. His pictures of life convey to us a great sense of the background of the whole people's life; their struggles and cares, their humour and outlook, live in his pages. Nothing is more difficult to find in this generation than an English writer who identifies himself successfully with the life of the working democracy, a writer who does not stand aloof from and patronise the bulk of the people who labour with their hands. This no doubt is because nearly all our writers have a middle-class bias and training, and so either write down to or write up to their subject when it leads them outside their own class, and accordingly their valuations thereof are in general falsified. Mrs. Humphry Ward describes her own class admirably, for example, but her working people are ludicrous. Gissing's lower-middle-class people are sometimes good, but his working-men are feebly drawn. Even Hardy's West-country rustics are slightly idealised to suit the middle-class taste. We have no English writer so true as Miss Wilkins is to the life of "the people," and she does not profess to write as one of them. Lawson, however, has the great strength of the writer writing simply as one of the democracy, and of the man who does not have to climb down from a class fence in order to understand the human nature of the majority of his fellow men. I have never read anything in modern English literature that is so absolutely democratic in tone, so much the real thing, as *Joe Wilson's Courtship*. And so with all Lawson's tales and sketches. Tolstoy and Howells, and Whitman and Kipling, and Zola and Hauptmann and Gorky have all written descriptions of "democratic" life; but none of these celebrated authors, not even Maupassant himself, has so absolutely taken us inside the life as do the tales *Joe Wilson's Courtship* and *A Double Buggy at Lahey's Creek*. And it is this rare, convincing tone of this Australian writer that gives him a great value now, when forty-nine out of fifty Anglo-Saxon writers are insisting on not describing the class they were born in, but straining their necks and their outlooks in order to describe the life of the class which God has placed beyond them. Hence the com-

parative decay and neglect of true realism, the realism of *Tom Jones*, and of *Emma*, of *Barchester Towers*, and of *Middlemarch*, of much of *David Copperfield* and of *The Newcomes*. Our commercialised public, intent on "rising," instinctively prefers to nourish itself on Mr. Anthony Hope rather than on Mrs. Mary E. Mann. It is therefore an immense relief to the unsophisticated critic, after looking east and west and north and south for writers untainted by the ambition to be mentally genteel, to come across the small group of able democratic writers on the *Sydney Bulletin*, of whom Mr. Lawson is the chief. In *The Country I Came From*, in *When the Billy Boils*, in *Joe Wilson and His Mates*, in *On the Track*, and *Over the Slip Rails*, we have the real Australia, the real bushman, "selector," "squatter," "rouseabout," "shearer," drover, shepherd, "spieler," shanty-keeper and publican, the real Australian woman, mother, wife and girl, the real "larry-kin," the real boy, the real "Boss," and the real "mate." Read "The Union Buries its Dead," in *The Country I Came From*, if you care to see how the most casual, "news-papery" and apparently artless art of this Australian writer carries with it a truer, finer, more delicate commentary on life than all the idealistic works of any of our genteel school of writers. It isn't great art, but it is near to great art; and, moreover, great art is not to be found every "publishing season." Read *An Oversight of Steelman's* if you want humour, the real thing, and read *No Place for a Woman* if you want pathos, also the real thing. If you want a working philosophy of life, read *How Steelman told his Story*, and if you want to see how marvellously a man can sum up his own country in ten careless pages, read *His Country After All*, and *The Little World Left Behind*. There is a little sketch in *Where the Billy Boils* called "A Drover's Wife," a sketch of a woman in the bush, left for months alone with her four children while her husband is up-country droving. If this artless sketch be taken as the summary of a woman's life, giving its meaning in ten short pages, Maupassant has never done better. Lawson has re-treated this subject at length in the more detailed picture in *Water them Geraniums*; I leave it to mothers of all ranks and stations in life to say how it affects them, and whether it has not a universal application to the life of working women wherever the sun goes down. Art stands for much, but sincerity also stands for much in art, and the sincerity of Lawson's tales nearly always drives them home. There is another little sketch called "They Wait on the Wharf in Black" which artists may call sentimental. Well, it is sentimental; it is on a sentimental subject, and I have never found anywhere a tale that so well describes the meeting of a father with his children: it is all there in the last two pages, the family meeting, and the family feeling, and I invite the sceptical reader to turn it up. I leave it to more competent critics to say how far mere sketches of human nature, such as "The Shanty-keeper's Wife," can vie with the set literary pictures, carefully arranged in studio lights, with real models posed "from the life," à la Mr. Marion Crawford. I have not laid much stress on Mr. Lawson's humour, as the public is likely to lay such stress on it as to fail to see that his vision of life cannot be summed up by the term "humorist." But, undoubtedly, Mr. Lawson is pre-eminent among modern humorists. Humorists, so luckily common in life, are uncommonly scarce in literature—the reason being that the intonation and the gesture of the living man can only be reproduced by writers who have a creative and racy language of their own. Lawson has this racy language and an extremely delicate observation of those tiny details which reveal situation and character. His minute appreciation of individual peculiarities is as well shown in the sketch "Mr. Smellingscheck" as is his power of idiomatic

language in the "Stiffner" stories. His weakness as an artist lies chiefly in his temptation to introduce sentimental touches that mar his realism—see, for example, his admirable *Two Larrykins* and the last page of *Telling Mrs. Baker*. To come back to my main point—that Lawson is really a national writer, of whom the Australians may be proud—I should be inclined to pair him with Miss Wilkins, who is also a national writer, if I did not find that his canvas, his range, his experience of life are richer and wider than the American authoress's. The difference between the two writers is largely the difference of masculine and feminine. Miss Wilkins—none better—can describe the indoor life of women, and Lawson—none better—the democratic life of the road, the bush, the track, the shearer, the "selector," the "pub," the wharf, the river, and the street.

If Lawson's tales fail to live in another fifty years—and where will be most of Kipling's, Stevenson's, Hardy's, and even Henry James's work then?—it will be because they have too little beauty of form, and there is too much crudity, roughness, and uncookedness in the matter. In the long run authors only survive either by the great force of their originality, or by their perfection of form. Henry Lawson's matter is more interesting than his form, and matter in general only survives through its form. This admitted, it may be claimed for Lawson that he of the Australian writers best pictures for us and interprets democratic Australia to-day, and that he is one of the very few genuinely democratic writers that the literature of "Greater Britain" can show.

EDWARD GARNETT.

Drama.

A Double Enigma.

WHEN it was announced that Mrs. Tree was to give a translation of "L'Enigme" of M. Paul Hervieu at Wyndham's Theatre, the play was announced under the title "Which?" and as "Which?" it appeared on the placards. Suddenly new placards appeared, with a new title, not at all appropriate to the piece, "Cæsar's Wife." Rumours of a late decision, or indecision, of the censor were heard. The play had not been prohibited, but it had been adapted to more polite ears. But how? That was the question. I confess that to me the question seemed insoluble. Here is the situation as it exists in the play; nothing could be simpler, more direct, more difficult to tamper with. Two brothers, Raymond and Gérard de Gourgiran, are in their country house, with their two wives, Giselle and Léonore, and two guests, the old Marquis de Neste and the young M. de Vivarce. The brothers surprise Vivarce on the stairs: was he coming from the room of Giselle or of Léonore? The women are summoned; both deny everything; it is impossible for the audience, as for the husbands, to come to any conclusion. A shot is heard outside: Vivarce has killed himself, so that he may save the reputation of the woman he loves. Then the self-command of Léonore gives way; she avows all in a piercing shriek. After that there is some unnecessary moralising ("Là-bas un cadavre! Ici, des sanglots de captive!") and the like, but the play is over.

Now, the situation is perfectly precise; it is not, perhaps, very intellectually significant, but there it is, a striking dramatic situation. Above all, it is frank; there are no evasions; no sentimental lies, no hypocrisies before facts. If adultery may not be referred to on the English stage except at the Gaiety, between a wink and a laugh, then such a play becomes wholly impossible. Not at all: listen. We are told to suppose that Vivarce and Léonore have had a possibly quite harmless flirtation; and instead of Vivarce

being found on his way from Léonore's room, he has merely been walking with Léonore in the garden: at midnight, remember, and after her husband has gone to bed. In order to lead up to this, a preposterous speech has been put into the mouth of the Marquis de Neste, an idiotic rhapsody about love and the stars, and I forget what else, which I imagine we are to take as an indication of Vivarce's sentiments as he walks with Léonore in the garden at midnight. But all these precautions are in vain; the audience is never deceived for an instant. A form of words has been used, like the form of words by which certain lies become technically truthful. The whole point of the play: has a husband the right to kill his wife or his wife's lover if he discovers that his wife has been unfaithful to him? is obviously not a question of whether a husband may kill a gentleman who has walked with his wife in the garden, even after midnight. The force of the original situation comes precisely from the certainty of the fact and the uncertainty of the person responsible for it. "Caesar's Wife" may lend her name for a screen; the screen is no disguise; the play remains what it was in its moral bearing; a dramatic stupidity has been imported into it, that is all. Here, then, in addition to the enigma of the play, is a second, not so easily explained, enigma: the enigma of the censor, and of why he "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." The play, I must confess, does not seem to me, as it seems to certain French critics, "*une pièce qui tient du chef d'œuvre . . . la tragédie des maîtres antiques et de Shakespeare.*" To me it is rather an insubstantial kind of ingenuity, ingenuity turning in a circle. As a tragic episode, the dramatisation of a striking incident, it has force and simplicity, the admirable quality of directness. Occasionally the people are too eager to express the last shade of the author's meaning, as in the conversation between Neste and Vivarce, when the latter decides to commit suicide, or in the supplementary comments when the action is really at an end. But I have never seen a piece which seemed to have been written so kindly and so consistently for the benefit of the actors. There are six characters of equal importance; each has the whole flood of the limelight upon him several times over. One actor, Mr. Fred Kerr, was at his best, and how admirable is that best! Miss Fay Davis was distinctly good; there were moments when she woke up out of her sleepy stage-life, and became energetic. There was little to say against Miss Lena Ashwell, little to say for her. The others might easily have been either better or worse. But, on the whole, the interpretation was not exactly inadequate.

The other piece which made Saturday evening interesting was a version of "Au Téléphone," one of Antoine's recent successes at his theatre in Paris. It was horrid and realistic, it made just the appeal of a horrid accident really seen, and, so far as success in horrifying one is concerned, it was successful. A husband hearing the voice of his wife through the telephone, at the moment when some murderous ruffians are breaking into the house, hearing her last cry, and helpless to aid her, is as ingeniously unpleasant a situation as can well be imagined. It is brought before us with unquestionable skill; it makes us as uncomfortable as it wishes to make us. But such a situation has absolutely no artistic value, because terror without beauty and without significance is not worth causing. When the husband, with his ear at the telephone, hears his wife tell him that they are forcing the window-shutters with a crowbar, we feel, it is true, a certain sympathetic suspense; but compare this crude onslaught on the nerves with the profound and delicious terror that we experience when, in "La Mort de Tintagiles" of Maeterlinck, an invisible force pushes the door softly open, a force intangible and irresistible as death. In his acting Mr. Charles Warner was powerful, thrilling; it would be difficult to say, under the circumstances, that he was extravagant, for what extrava-

gance, under the circumstances, would be improbable? He had not, no doubt, what I see described as "*le jeu simple et terrible*" of Antoine, a dry, hard, intellectual grip on horror; he had the ready abandonment to emotion of the average emotional man. Mr. Warner has an irritating voice and manner, but he has emotional power, not fine nor subtle, but genuine; he feels, and he makes you feel. He has the quality, in short, of the play itself, but a quality more tolerable in the actor, who is concerned only with the rendering of a given emotion, than in the playwright, whose business it is to choose, heighten, and dignify the emotion which he gives to him to render.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Art.

Ways of Seeing Pictures.

THE average householder, with no particular interest in art, seldom looks at the pictures upon his walls. They are not his choice; they represent no enthusiasm, no growth of taste, no record of a day when he gave time and money to procure an etching, or a sketch, or maybe a picture, that appealed to him so strongly that he would be unhappy without it. The pictures in the average house have drifted there. They are family affairs, dating from the early Victorian period; or an uncle has bequeathed them, or they are wedding gifts. The ugliest are hung in dark passages, or in the bath room, but, for the most part, they sprawl over the walls, dutifully hiding the paper. Nobody looks at them, and if by chance one does, the untrained eye will placidly shirk its duties. Happy the householder who has no heirlooms, or who, having them, and knowing they are rubbish, has the strength of mind to send them to a bazaar. Happy, too, he who has the grit to banish examples of his own past foolishness, milestones of a disorderly imagination, and an undisciplined taste. Happy the householder who has bare walls and a sum of money small enough to make him consider the difference between pounds and guineas. What little lovely things await him? A few years ago a twopenny paper (it had a brief life) gave away Whistler lithographs with each issue. Last week I bought a perfect photograph of what to me is the most-to-be-desired Botticelli for the price of a luncheon.

Enthusiasm is a gift, and it is not common. Few have the power to be enthusiastic about the elegant arts, to use Irving's phrase. The majority regard the seeing of beautiful things as a duty. They drag one foot after another drearily through galleries, welcoming the this-way-out door. They have the power of enthusiasm in them, but pictures do not call it forth. A collision between a coal cart and an omnibus outside will do so, or a fire-engine at race speed, but not pictures. Roughly, pictures are regarded from three standpoints—superiority, curiosity, and pleasure. The last named, which should be the commonest, is the rarest. To look and to be happy; to feel elation and the tingle in the blood; to carry the memory away; to realise that it has become part of one; to sit in a dull room summoning at will a beautiful thing, and to thrill with the sense of its presence—that it is to find pleasure in art.

"What, and is it really you again?" quoth I.

"I again. What else did you expect?" quoth she.

Does the scientific critic—learned, superior, calm—ever experience such emotions? To him the six or so minor modern picture exhibitions that are born each week, and that live for a month, have practically no existence. He hunts big game. The present exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House is strewn with his cartridges. The

authenticity of so many of the pictures there has been doubted that the owners must long for the old days of criticism, when the late Mr. G. A. Sala was a Titan. I read the essays of the scientific critic with admiration and a proper humility, also with occasional bewilderment. They disagree. And one reflects that in their relentless readjustment of attributions they are apt to forget that a picture exists to give pleasure. Measuring the ear, considering the shape of the nose, may help a critic to determine the rightful painter, but those practices do not help him or his readers to enjoy. One longs sometimes for an outbreak of enthusiasm, a screed of joy in the thing seen, a tempestuously ungrammatical passage that carries the reader away, and in a cooler moment sets him seeking curiously for the verb. I pick up a current journal, the art criticism of which is written by one of the most learned and intelligent of the scientific critics. It is his fourth article on the Old Masters, and he is still pitiless. He devotes thirty-five lines to explaining why, in his opinion, Raphael did not paint the "Virgin and Child" attributed to him. One reason is that the "atmospheric quality due to loose handling upon a coarse canvas is diametrically opposed to Raphael's usual practice;" another is "the vague and uncertain form of the hands." Of the various Titians in the exhibition he can accept only one. Velasquez does not fare much better. The sketch of "Las Meninas" is put out of court in a sigh of twenty-seven lines. The portrait of "Cardinal Borgia" looked like winning, because no one but Velasquez "could have modelled the eyeballs beneath the flesh in so masterly a manner." But no! There is "the ill-constructed shoulder and arm and the indifferent painting of the drapery," surely "the work of an assistant." All very ingenious and very useful, and not very popular with the owners.

Curiosity attracts the largest class of picture gazers. The power of the literary motive endureth for ever. Three minor exhibitions which have been opened this week make an appeal similar to that of the historical novel to readers. The interest of these three exhibitions is topographical, historical, scenic and—shall I say?—journalistic. Incidentally it may be artistic, but when Mr. W. L. Wyllie set himself to produce 74 pictures "On Many Waters" for Messrs. Dowdeswell; when Mr. Fulleylove set himself to produce 88 pictures of the Holy Land for the Fine Art Society, and Mrs. Dockery 64 pictures of "Portugal, principally in the Wine District," for Messrs. Graves, it can be said, without offence, that the compelling desire to produce a beautiful thing for its own sake was not the paramount thought in the minds of those artists. Mr. Wyllie is an expert painter of the sea, with a partiality for being within sight of land. His average is always good. If he does not rise above pass marks, neither does he sink below. As I examined his 74 drawings, I realised that my attitude towards them was one of curiosity. He is informing—a journalist with an individual style. I know now what is the meaning of "The Jenkin Swatchway"; how the German Squadron came to anchor at Spithead: what "Medway Kittiwakes" are like, and how Bluejackets went about the business of making photographs of the total eclipse of the sun for Sir Norman Lockyer. Good! Mrs. Roope Dockery, who has a delicate sense of colour, makes me wish to take a walking tour through the wine district of Portugal, where the shadows are purple, and the hills and valleys are as beautiful as in Scotland, but without the mists. I know now how "Treading the Grapes" is accomplished. Five barefooted peasants with locked arms trample in a trough piled high with the grapes. In front of them burns a brazier, throwing their huge, distorted shadows on the dim wall at the back. Mr. Fulleylove has satisfied what curiosity I had as to the present aspect of "the most famous sites of Palestine,"

Topographically and historically they are interesting, and the notes in the catalogue are in themselves a handbook to Biblical archæology. Interest the exhibition certainly has, but it is not artistic. Mr. Fulleylove's accuracy and earnestness compel attention, and he makes a large demand on one's time. If you give one minute to reading each description, and four minutes to each picture, The Holy Land from Hebron to the Lake of Galilee must claim seven hours, twenty minutes of your time. Which, except to incumbents of City churches, is impossible.

If the appeal of the above was mainly to curiosity, the last exhibition on my list—etchings old and new by Zorn—at the Gutekunst Gallery, promised, at any rate, something more akin to pleasure. But it was not to be. Zorn is clever—brutally clever; the seizer, in a few bold strokes, of the arrested movement. He will choose the unworn, unbackneyed subject of Degas, but he is not Degas. He cannot make the ugly beautiful by sheer force of temperament. One etching, the last in the series, I lingered before, a sketch of a moor under a stormy sky with a horseman really galloping across it. Here, in this small thing, was something of that indefinable quality—breadth, space, life, what you will—that makes for greatness. I turned to go, content that this etching, not quite happily called "The Storm (The Artist on Horseback)" should be my final impression of the day's sight-seeing. Man proposes. In the vestibule of the gallery I came across the real thing. It was hanging upon the wall, the size of a sheet of small foolscap, an etching of a village street with the sun shining upon the houses—quite simple. I cannot find adjectives. It was just beautiful and great. Hanging there in its dark corner it gave in its quiet way—pleasure. "That is not a Zorn," I said. The attendant smiled, shook his head, and mentioned the name of the greatest living master of etching.

C. L. H.

Science.

What We Think With.

Writing some thirty years ago, Huxley found himself compelled to say that the functions of the brain were then very ill understood, and that there was no satisfactory proof that the manifestation of any particular kind of mental faculty is especially connected with the activity of any particular region of the cerebral hemispheres. Since then, however, a great addition has been made to our knowledge of the physical machinery of thought by the long and careful researches into the anatomy of the brain conducted by Charcot and his school at the Salpêtrière and elsewhere. Their experiments, coupled with the morbid anatomy of persons known to have suffered during their lives from paralysis or some other disease involving organic lesion of the brain, have resulted in giving us a pretty clear and consistent idea of how we think and what we think with, and have really worked as great a change in our conception of thought as the discovery of Laplace did in our notions of the universe. I have lately had reason to suppose, however, that this and other discoveries of the same kind have hitherto only reached the general public in a very fragmentary form, which must be my excuse for troubling the readers of the ACADEMY with some slight account of them.

To begin with, I will suppose that most people are aware that every nerve issuing from the spinal cord has two roots, one of which acts as a transmitter of motive impulse and the other as a receiver of sensations, the nerve itself acting as a conductor of both. Thus, if the skin of the foot be irritated by the prick of a pin, a report like a telegraphic message is sent along the tactile nerves until they reach the spine, into which the sensation passes by means of the posterior root of the great nerve governing those

parts; if the brain, on being informed, conceives the desire to kick, the impulse is in like manner transmitted through the anterior root, from thence into the same nerve as before, and finally into the muscles, in which it produces the necessary flexion and extension. In fact, it is not necessary that the brain should give any orders in the matter at all, for the cord itself will, in some cases, cause sensation to be immediately followed by action, as in the familiar instance of "knee-jerk." The same process takes place with regard to those nerves and muscles, such as, for instance, those of the eye, whose nervous centre is not the spinal cord, but its continuation, called the *medulla oblongata*, which is connected with and forms part of the brain itself. In these nerves also sensation may be immediately followed by action, as is seen by the involuntary blinking of the eyes which follows an unexpected flash of light. Yet when we follow the process up into the upper portion of the brain we find a different state of affairs existing. There the grey matter which in the spinal cord and its continuation forms the inner substance or core performing the duty of a telegraph wire, is spread all over the exterior surface or cortex of the convolutions, within which lie the white fibres which transmit the orders of the will to the motor nerves throughout the body. It is the grey matter of this cortex that contains, according to the new theory, all our thoughts.

Now, this grey matter, when examined under a sufficiently powerful microscope, is seen to consist of an immense number of pyramidal cells called *neurons*. These neurons, which are the discovery of the Spanish physicist, Ramon y Cajal, are equipped with extremely fine prolongations or filaments springing from them in all directions. The upper filaments are in connection—although, it may be, not in continuous or perfect connection—with the ends of the system of sensory nerves, which we have seen telegraphing from the most distant parts of the body to the spine and brain, the filaments from the base with the motor nerves which we have seen in like manner conveying impulses to the muscles, and the lateral filaments with the neighbouring neurons. The exact manner of connection is still under discussion, some biologists holding that the neuron is, when in a state of repose, without physical connection with either nerve or neuron, but only makes connection with its filaments when roused into activity, and thus swollen beyond its former size; while others think that the continuity of the filaments is always perfect, although they may be put out of activity by compression, as are the motor nerves of the hand or foot when numbed or "asleep." The point need hardly detain us, for the working of the apparatus is the same in either case. When in a state of activity, which probably means when gorged with blood, the neuron is like a general in action receiving reports from the outer world through the sensory nerves, sending out orders through the motor, and when need be calling upon other neurons for aid or counsel. It is by this power of threefold action that all the operations of what we call the mind become manifest; for it is plain that to it can be referred all the phenomena of memory, consciousness, and will. Memory, which was formerly considered the special attribute of mind, is now seen to be nothing but the faculty possessed by nearly all matter of retaining and reproducing impressions which it has once received, as a steel plate can be made to reproduce under proper conditions the imprint of a finger, although no trace of it may exist which can be detected by the human eye. So, too, consciousness can be described as the recognition of a sensation just experienced by former sensations which have had time to become dormant, in the same way that certain waves of sound may overtake an almost exhausted wave emitted before them and prolong it into a musical note. As for will, is it anything else than the effort which causes the protoplasm within the neuron to swell and raise itself in a particular direction as certain forms so low in the

scale of being as to be mere shapeless bags or sacks of protoplasm will, in response to certain external stimulations, protrude for the moment a rudimentary foot or eye? The fact which stands out most clearly from all the research yet brought to bear upon the subject is that the human brain is but a machine which, so far from "creating" anything—as has sometimes been said—does nothing but receive sensations and transform them into acts. As for what we call the intellect, it is situated not in one part or another of the brain, but is diffused through the whole of the grey matter, and is simply the power which this substance exercises through its neurons of associating, comparing, and judging ideas.

The extreme importance of this neuron theory for physiology need hardly be dwelt upon here. It has already supplied us with an explanation of the whole phenomena of sleep and dreams, and of diseases hitherto mysterious, such as aphasia and agraphia, which are now seen to be due to nothing but the temporary or permanent death of the neurons in certain parts of the cortex. It also gives us a reasonable explanation of somnambulism and hypnotism, which may be considered as the outcome of some want of power of making connection between one set of neurons and another. And it explains better than anything else can do how certain drugs, such as opium, hashisch, and alcohol, can not only cause whole or partial paralysis of the motor centres, but can make visions as real as those perceived by the bodily eyes to impress themselves upon the brain. It also explains the transmission of mental peculiarities, and even of nervous habits, from one generation to another, even under circumstances which make conscious imitation entirely out of the question, and may possibly, in time, throw some light on the possible cure of insanity. But, in the meantime, what shall we say of its effect on metaphysics? Does this theory, which represents man as giving back to the universe as action all that he takes from it as sensation, leave any room in the human economy for a soul or Divine particle, or does it reduce the personality of the individual to "the memory of former sensations kept awake by the later sensations by which it is continually increased"? I do not know; but Dr. de Fleury, from whom I take this quotation, tells his catholic readers that it is no way inconsistent with their faith, and that they must look for the confirmation of their ideas upon God and the soul—which cannot, he says, come within the cognisance of our senses, because they possess none of the attributes of matter—not to science, but to revelation. Such a view has my heartiest concurrence; yet I cannot help thinking that the theory of the neurons, like every other recent discovery, tends somewhat to restrict the domain of the supersensuous.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

The Mystic Rose.

SIR,—In Mr. Crawley's rejoinder to your reviewer of his *Mystic Rose* the following passage occurs:

It is perhaps worth noting that the commonplace he [your reviewer] borrows from Mr. Lang as to the value of such books in saving future students an infinity of labour in the collection and collation of facts is ill-judged, because these facts are separated from their context, and will be, without their context, absolutely useless to the future student.

This appears to imply that if I wanted facts about mothers-in-law, roses, and other matters, I would be content to save myself trouble by using the collections of Mr. Ernest Crawley. No doubt I should find Mr. Crawley's references valuable, but long experience has made me distrust the "facts" given by anthropologists; partly for the

reason advanced by Mr. Crawley himself; partly for several other excellent reasons. Meanwhile Mr. Crawley will much oblige me by quoting with exact reference any passage from my writings in which I say that future students may safely spare themselves trouble by adopting the collections of "such books" as his. I wish to withdraw that passage, for I am no longer of opinion that we can accept any historian's or anthropologist's "facts" without verification of his sources and study of the context of his author. On this point Mr. Crawley and I appear to be entirely agreed. His *Mystic Rose* I did not see till after I read the review of it in your columns, though I find myself brought into his controversy with his reviewer.—Yours, &c.,

A. LANG.

8, Gibson Place, St. Andrews, Fife.

E. A. B. on French Fiction.

SIR,—My "simply charming" performance of "literary errors" seems to amount merely to a divergence from the opinion of Mr. A. Shacklian. I should like to know the names of "some of the greatest French novelists" whom I have "conveniently ignored." Does Mr. Shacklian assert that Octave Mirbeau and Paul Adam are "very great" novelists? If these are very great, no doubt the amiable and fine Anatole France soars somewhere in the empyrean over Balzac's head. I enjoy weekly the saturnine ferocity of both Mirbeau and Adam in *Le Journal*. Mirbeau has achieved a notable success of scandal with an admirable book. Like Tolstoy, I hold him "in high esteem." As for Adam, a dozen years ago I used to keep his utterances in a scrap book. Adam can be tedious in a manner highly distinguished. Seriously, I like both the men, but that either has written a great novel is exceedingly improbable. When I mentioned the brothers Rosny in the same breath with the brothers Marguerite, I had no suspicion that I should shock discriminating Manchester. Personally, I vastly prefer the Rosny pair, but to call the Marguerite pair "superficial" is a feat of adjectival ineptitude which could not easily be surpassed. Anatole France's uniqueness as poet and sage do not affect the question of his rank as a novelist. That he is a fine novelist I admit.

I certainly say that there are no great novelists now writing in French. Within the last few years, Daudet, de Maupassant, and Edmond de Goncourt have died, and their places remain empty. Whereas in drama, Rostand at least dazzles, Lavedan is a tolerable successor to Dumas fils, Hervieu (who seems to have abandoned the novel for a space) is decidedly a genius of the stage, and there are also Donnay, Capus, de Curel, and even Briex; yes, Briex—not to mention others.

It is agreeable to me to reflect that my opinion of Paul Bourget meets with the "entire approval" of Mr. A. Shacklian. And I thank him for not having dragged in the names of Marcel Prévost and Pierre Louys.—Yours, &c.,

E. A. B.

Hazlitt in Chancery Lane.

SIR,—Your delightful "sally" out into the little-thought-of traditions of Chancery Lane and its vicinity prompts me to call attention to the fact that the name of Hazlitt, inserted under the medallion bust forming one of the series used in the adornment of the new Birkbeck Bank buildings, is spelt wrongly, an "e" being used instead of "i." It is to be hoped that this mistake will be promptly remedied.—Yours, &c.,

FREEMAN BUNTING.

White Webbs, Waltham Cross, Herts.

From WILLIAMS & NORGATE'S LIST.

WORKS BY PROF. ADOLF HARNACK.

NOW READY, SECOND EDITION, SIXTH THOUSAND, demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.; half-leather, 12s. 6d.

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY? By ADOLF HARNACK, Rector and Professor of Church History in the University, Berlin. Translated by THOMAS BAILEY SAUNDERS.

Prof. W. SANDAY, of Oxford, in an examination of the work, says:—"I may assume that Harnack's book, which has attracted a good deal of attention in this country as in Germany, is by this time well known, and that its merits are recognised—its fresh and vivid descriptions, its breadth of view and skilful selection of points, its frankness, its genuine enthusiasm, its persistent effort to get at the living realities of religion."

UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE. 7 vols. demy 8vo, cloth, £3 13s. 6d.; half-leather, £4 7s. 6d.; or each vol. separately, 10s. 6d.

A HISTORY OF DOGMA. By ADOLF HARNACK. Translated from the Third German Edition. Edited by the late Rev. Prof. A. B. BRUCE, D.D.

"No work on Church history in recent times has had the influence of Prof. Harnack's 'History of Dogma.'—*Times*."

JUST PUBLISHED, crown 8vo, cloth, 4s.

MONASTICISM: its Ideals and History; and The CONFESSIONS of ST. AUGUSTINE. Two Lectures by ADOLF HARNACK. Translated into English by E. E. KELLETT, M.A., and F. H. MARSEILLE, Ph.D., M.A.

"The lectures impart to these old subjects a new and vivid interest which cannot but win this faithful version many admiring readers."—*Scotsman*.

JUST PUBLISHED, demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

A CRITICAL and HISTORICAL ENQUIRY into the ORIGIN of the THIRD GOSPEL. By P. C. SENSE, M.A., Author of "A Free Enquiry into the Origin of the Fourth Gospel."

JUST READY, demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

MR. GLADSTONE AS I KNEW HIM, and other Essays. By ROBERT BROWN, jun., F.S.A. Author of "Semitic Influence in Hellenic Mythology" and "Researches into the Origin of the Primitive Constellations of the Greeks," &c.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London; and 7, Broad Street, Oxford.

SANDS & CO.

IN SICILY. By DOUGLAS SLADEN. Two volumes. Quarto. Price £3 3s. net.

"There is certainly no other book which fulfils the duties of cicerone so amply as do these two volumes. . . . It is a work to be read before leaving home or when one is home again. . . . The fullest credit must be given to the author and publishers for these fine volumes."—*The Times*.

INDIA: Past and Present. By W. S. LILLY. In Five Parts. With Map and Tables. Demy 8vo, price 7s. 6d. net.

A FOOT THROUGH THE KASHMIR VALLEYS. By MARION DOUGHTY (Helton Mervyn). Fully illustrated. Demy 8vo, price 7s. 6d. net.

THE KISS AND ITS HISTORY. By Dr. CHRISTOPHER NYROP, Professor of Philology at the University of Copenhagen. Translated by W. F. HARVEY. Crown 8vo, in box, price 7s. 6d. net.

GABRIELE ROSSETTI: A Verified Autobiography. Translated and Supplemented by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. Containing several illustrations of universal interest, and much hitherto unpublished information about the childhood of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Christina Rossetti. Demy 8vo, price 7s. 6d. net.

A CATHOLIC GUIDE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By the Rev. E. W. LESLIE, S.J. Fully illustrated. A special feature of the work is its illustrated description of the Abbey in pre-Reformation days. Crown 8vo, price 2s. 6d.

New 6s. Novels.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF JOHN SMITH. By Prof. W. H. HUDSON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. [Immediately.]

A MAN, A WOMAN, AND A MILLION. By A. DANZIGER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. [Immediately.]

THE NEW PARISIANS. By W. F. LONERGAN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. [Immediately.]

PRIEST OF ST. AGATHA'S. By the Hon. Mrs. ROGER MOLYNEUX. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. [Immediately.]

PETER A PARASITE. By E. M. ALBANESI. Crown 8vo. A Brilliant Social Satire. [Immediately.]

3s. 6d. Novel.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS. By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ. Complete Edition, 658 pages. Crown 8vo. LONDON: 12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND.

TREHERNE & CO.'S SPRING LIST.

THE LAND OF OUR QUEEN.

DENMARK: PAST & PRESENT.

By MARGARET THOMAS.

Thirteen full-page illustrations. Crown 8vo, price 6s. net.

By the Author of "The Spendthrift."

THOROUGHbred.

By FRANCIS DODSWORTH.

Cr. 8vo, price 2s. 6d.

Irish Times: "A first-rate sporting sketch, drawn with a skilful, knowledgeable hand."

New and Cheaper Edition.

A FREE LANCE IN A FAR LAND.

By HERBERT COMPTON.

Author of "The Inimitable Mrs. Massingham."

Cr. 8vo, price 2s. 6d.

THE RANEE'S RUBIES.

By Dr. HELEN BOURCHIER.

Cr. 8vo, price 6s.

Daily Express: "A well-devised and well-told romance of Indian life."

A. TREHERNE & Co., Ltd., 3, Agar Street, Strand, W.C.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 128 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best rendering into English verse of these lines on a railway junction from M. Verhaeren's new volume of poems, *Les Forces Tumul-teuses*:

Oh! ces villes, par l'or putride envenimées!
Clameurs de pierre et vols et gestes de fumées,
Dômes et tours d'orgueil et colonnes debout,
Dans l'espace qui vibre et le travail qui bout,
En aimas-tu l'effroi et les affres profondes
O toi, le voyageur
Qui t'en allais triste et songeur,
Par les gares de feu qui ceignent le monde?

Cahots et bonds de trains par au-dessus des monts!

L'intime et sourd tocsin qui enfiévrant ton âme
Battait aussi dans ces villes, le soir; leur flamme
Rouge et myriadaire illuminait ton front,
Leur aboi noir, le cri, le han de ton cœur même;
Ton être entier était tordu en leur blasphème,
Ta volonté jetée en proie à leur torrent
Et vous vous maudissiez tout en vous adorant.

We have received twenty-seven versions, and we award the prize to Mr. Ernest H. Harrison, 43, Hopton Road, Streatham, S.W.

Oh! those towns, with pestilent gold envenomed!
Clangour of stone and smoke floating in shapes o'erhead,
Domes and arrogant towers and pillars standing there
Mid the simmer of toil that vibrates through the air,
Didst thou delight in their terrors, dread and profound,
O thou, traveller, say—
Thou who wentest sad and thoughtful away,
Through the stations of fire that engirdle earth's round?

Jolts and hurtlings of trains up to the mountain's height!

The same dull secret note that throbbed within thy soul
Sounded at eve within those towns; and with the whole
Myriad glow of their red flame thy forehead glistened bright,
Their dismal cry was the very beat of thy heart;
In their blasphemy was rent thy whole being apart,
Thy will as a prey to their swift torrent outpour'd,
And you yourselves accurs'd while yourselves you ador'd.

Oh! bitter with putrid gold such towns as these!
With noise of building and flight of smoke wreaths,
Domes and towers of pride and columns tall,
Where space vibrates and labour is the end of all,
And loved you such dread horrors profound,
Even you, traveller,
Going sadly as a dreamer,
Through lines of fire girdling the earth around?

There trains leaping, bounding over the mountains go!

The familiar sounds which fever your soul's aim
At eve throbbed likewise in these towns; their flame,
Myriad, red-tongued, illumined your brow,
Their dismal baying, the shouts, your own heart's cry;
Your whole being writhed in their blasphemy,
Your will was cast a prey upon their torrent,
Whilst you, loving, cursed self as one abhorrent.

[M. T., Wigmore Street, W.]

Ah, these cities, poisoned by putrid gold!
Clamour of stones, smoke volleys high uprolled,
Great domes and towers of pride, pillars that rise
Through labour's seething mass to restless skies,—
Didst love their terror, their deep inward pains,
O, traveller, say,
Who with a sad dream far'dst away,
'Scap'd to the fiery girdle of the trains?

The shocks and the leaping of trains across the height!

Thy secret soul was fevered by the same
Dull tocsin heard i' the streets by night. Their flame
On flame flashed on thy brow a ruddy light;
Their muttering dark was thy heart's striving cry;
They blasphemed, and thou writh'dst in agony,
Thy will cast helpless on their foaming race.—
Lovers are ye, that curse as ye embrace.

[A. M., Melbury Road, W.]

Alas! These cities poisoned by vile gold!
Oh, thou sad dreamer, thou who goest, say,
From place to place along that fiery way
That girdles all the world, dost thou behold
With pleasure hideousness allied to dread?—
Clanging of stones and smoke that curls and wreathes
In forms grotesque? And in the space that seethes
And shakes with toil, the column's lofty head
With domes and towers proud? So! Up and down

The mountains trains with jolt and creaking go!

And then, that deafening tocsin that we know
At night reverberates throughout the town,
Thrilling the fevered soul; and thy pale brow
Ten thousand ruddy flames illumine, and in
Thine own heart's chambers echoes that wild din;
Thy being is stretched upon the rack just now
By noisy blasphemies; thy will is cast
An easy prey into that torrent vast,
And though admiring thou dost curse at last!

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

Competition No. 129 (New Series).

A member of our staff was asked to suggest some names suitable for motor-cars. He could only think of "Stormy Petrol." We invite our readers to supply six more names, not necessarily witty after this pattern, but attractive and original. To the sender of the best set we will post a cheque for One Guinea.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, March 12, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Alexander (Wm. Menzies), *Demonic Possession in the New Testament* (Clark) 5/0
Lazarus (M.), *The Ethics of Judaism*.....(Macmillan) net 3/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Hall (Moreton), *God's Scourge: A Drama in Four Acts*.....(Unwin) net 3/6
Legge (Arthur E. J.), *A Masque of Shadows*.....(Nutt) net 3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Ball (F. Eirington), *History of the County of Dublin. Part I*.....(Thom) 7/6
Hazlitt (W. Carew), *Shakespeare*.....(Quaritch) net 10/6
Howell (George), *Labour Legislation, Labour Movements and Labour Leaders*.....(Unwin) 16/0
Theal (George M'Call), *The Beginning of South African History*.....(Unwin) 7/6
Firth (C. H.), *Cromwell's Army*.....(Methuen) 7/6
Helmolt (Dr. H. F.), edited by, *The World's History. Vol. IV.—The Mediterranean Nations*.....(Heinemann) net 15/0
Walpole (Sir Spencer), edited by, *Some Unpublished Letters of Horace Walpole*.....(Longmans) net 4/6
Pemberton (T. Edgar), *Ellen Terry and her Sisters*.....(Pearson's) 16/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Montgomery (Dr. George B.), translated by, Leibniz: *Discourse on Correspondence with Arnauld and Monadology*.....(Keegan Paul) 2/0
Kellor (Frances A.), *Experimental Sociology*.....(Macmillan) net 8/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Workman (W. P.), assisted by Choqe (R. H.), *The Tutorial Arithmetic* (Olive) 3/6
University Correspondence College Matriculation Directory, January, 1902 (Olive) net 1/0
Monro (David B.) and Allen (Thomas W.), *Homeri Opera. 2 Vols.* (Clarendon Press) each 3/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dunn, Junr. (Archibald), *New Ideas on Bridge* (Walter Scott Publishing Co.) 1/0
Gould (F. Carruthers), *Froissart's Modern Chronicles*.....(Unwin) 3/6
Davidson (Augusta M. Campbell), *Translations from Lucan*.....(Longmans) net 5/0
Ballin (Mrs. Ada S.), *From Cradle to School*.....(Constable) 3/6
Salls (Mrs. De), *A la Mode Cookery*.....(Longmans) net 5/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Lockhart (John Gibson), *The Life of Sir Walter Scott. Edinburgh Edition. Vol. I.* (Jack) net 10/6
Shakespeare (Wm.) *The Merchant of Venice* (The Edinburgh Folio) (Richards) net 5/0
Gaut (Frederick James), *Woman's Best Work and Latest Capabilities* (Stock) 2/6
Huxley (Thomas Henry), *Lectures and Essays*.....(Macmillan) 7/6
Morrax (Herbert), edited by, *The Literary Year Book, 1902*.....(Allen) net 5/0

PERIODICALS.

Blackwood's, Pearson's, Genealogical, Antiquary, Scribner's, English Illustrated, Architectural Review, Home Arts and Crafts, Contemporary, New Liberal Review, Windsor, Monthly Review, Good Words, Sunday Magazine, Westminster Review, Crampton's, Alpine Journal.

* * * New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

JARROLD AND SONS'

NEW SIX-SHILLING BOOKS.

FOURTH EDITION NOW READY.
TALES FROM TOLSTOI.
 WITH A BIOGRAPHY OF COUNT TOLSTOI
 (The first of its kind in English).

Translated By R. NISBET BAIN. 6s.

With a special Photogravure Portrait of Count Tolstoi.
 "The genius of the man, his originality, his intense humanness, can be traced on every page. This fascinating book enables readers to form an estimate of what may be called the popular side of this great reader's genius."—*Westminster Review*.

READY SHORTLY.

MORE TALES FROM TOLSTOI.

With the latest Photogravure Portrait of Count Tolstoi and Biography brought up to Date. 6s. Translated by R. NISBET BAIN.

JUST PUBLISHED. First Edition over-subscribed.

Second Edition, Now Ready.

TALES FROM GORKY.

Translated from the Russian by R. NISBET BAIN. With Photogravure Portrait and Biography of MAXIM GORKY. 6s.

These unique tales are fragments of a life more marvellous and piquant than any romance. He has recorded his experiences and described his wayside comrades, under a thin veil, in a whole series of tales, masterpieces of vivid realism, painted with a calm yet almost savage irony that Swift himself has not surpassed.

FOURTH EDITION.

HALIL THE PEDLAR.

(The White Rose).

By MAURUS JOKAI. 6s.

AUTHORISED EDITION. Translated by R. NISBET BAIN.

With a recent Photogravure of Dr. Jokai.

"Full of colour and adventure."—*Athenaeum*.
 "Of all Dr. Jokai's works 'Halil the Pedlar' is perhaps the most fascinating. The achievements of Halil are truly marvellous, and are depicted with all the power of a master. The translation is excellent."—*Westminster Review*.

A FORCEFUL STORY, DEPICTING DYING VILLAGE LIFE.

AUTUMN GLORY.

Translated from the French by ELLEN WAUGH. 6s.

With a specially engraved Portrait of René Bazin.

"We are shown how the allurements of town life are draining the country and making it increasingly difficult to cultivate the land at a profit. A story of direct and forcible pathos woven together in an impressive story. We commend 'Autumn Glory'."—*Daily Express*.

London: JARROLD & SONS, 10 and 11,
 Warwick Lane, London, E.C.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY

(LIMITED).

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 3 Months, 6 Months
 and 12 Months

CAN BE ENTERED AT ANY DATE,

THE BEST and MOST POPULAR BOOKS
 of the SEASON ARE NOW in
 CIRCULATION.

Prospectuses of Terms free on application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT.

Many Thousand surplus Copies of Books always
 ON SALE (Second Hand). Also a large Selection of

BOOKS IN LEATHER BINDINGS

SUITABLE FOR

BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET;

241, Brompton Road, S.W.; 48, Queen Victoria
 Street, E.C., LONDON;

And at 10-12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

ADVERTISEMENTS (Select Trade) for
 the COVER PAGES of the ACADEMY
 should be sent not later than Noon
 on Thursday to 43, Chancery Lane.
 Term &c., on application.

Treherne's New Books.

THE LAND OF OUR QUEEN.

DENMARK: Past and Present.

By MARGARET THOMAS. Author of "A Scamper thro' Spain and Tangier," "Two Years in Palestine and Syria."

13 Full-page Illustrations, crown 8vo, price 6s. net.

THE INCONSEQUENCES OF SARA.

By DANAE MAY.

Crown 8vo, price 6s.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPENDTHRIFT."

THOROUGHbred.

By FRANCIS DODSWORTH. Crown 8vo, price 2s. 6d.

"A first-rate sporting sketch, drawn with a skilful, knowledge dle hand."—*Irish Times*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE INIMITABLE

MRS. MASSINGHAM.

A FREE LANCE IN A FAR LAND.

By HERBERT COMPTON.

NEW and CHEAPER EDITION, price 2s. 6d.

THE RANEE'S RUBIES.

By Dr. HELEN BOURCHIER.

Crown 8vo, price 6s.

"A well-devised and well-told romance of Indian life."—*Daily Express*.

The Coronation Series.

No. 1.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

By Mrs. CRAIK.

Pocket size, limp leather, 2s. net; cloth, 1s. 6d.

A. TREHERNE & CO., Ltd., 3, Agar Street,
 Strand, W.C.

A LIMITED NUMBER OF THE
PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY"
 May be obtained, singly, at 2d. each, or in complete sets for
 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

	1896.	1897.
BEN JONSON	Issued ..	Nov. 14
JOHN KEATS	"	" 21
SIR JOHN SUCKLING	"	" 28
TOM HOOD	"	Dec. 5
THOMAS GRAY	"	" 12
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	"	" 19
SIR WALTER SCOTT	"	" 26
SAMUEL RICHARDSON	"	Jan. 2
THOMAS DE QUINCEY	"	" 9
LEIGH HUNT	"	" 16
LORD MACAULAY	"	" 23
ROBERT SOUTHBY	"	" 30
S. T. COLERIDGE	"	Feb. 6
CHARLES LAMB	"	" 13
MICHAEL DRAYTON	"	" 20
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR	"	" 27
SAMUEL PEPYS	"	March 6
EDMUND WALLER	"	" 13
WILKIE COLLINS	"	" 20
JOHN MILTON	"	" 27
WILLIAM COWPER	"	April 3
CHARLES DARWIN	"	" 10
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON	"	" 17
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW	"	" 24
ANDREW MARVELL	"	May 1
ROBERT BROWNING	"	" 8
THOMAS CARLYLE	"	" 15
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY	"	" 22
CHARLES DICKENS	"	" 29
JONATHAN SWIFT	"	June 5
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY	"	" 12
WILLIAM BLAKE	"	" 19
SIR RICHARD STEELE	"	" 26
ALEXANDER POPE	"	July 3
DOUGLAS JERROLD	"	" 10
FRANCIS BACON	"	" 17
HENRIK IBSEN	"	March 26

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Bldg., Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS
 on the minimum monthly
 balances, when not drawn
 below £100. 2 0/0
 DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS
 on Deposits, repayable
 on demand. 2 1/2 0/0
 STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares Purchased and Sold for
 Customers.
 The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particu-
 lars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.
 Telephone, No. 5, Holborn.
 Telegraphic Address, "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

The Rationalist Press Association,

LIMITED.

NEW OR RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

HUXLEY'S ESSAYS and LECTURES.

Including Autobiography, (Three) Lectures on Evolution, On the Physical Basis of Life, Naturalism and Supernaturalism, the Value of Witness to the Miraculous, Agnosticism, the Christian Tradition in relation to Judaic Christianity, Agnosticism and Christianity. With portrait of Author. 128 large Pages, price 6d.; by post, 8d. Special terms for quantities. (Issued in conjunction with MACMILLAN & CO., Ltd.)

A SIXPENNY REPRINT of Mr.
EDWARD CLODD'S PIONEERS of
EVOLUTION, uniform with Huxley's
 'Essays and Lectures,' will shortly be
 issued by arrangement with Mr.
 Grant Richards. Mr. S. Laing's
 'Modern Science and Modern Thought'
 will form the third of this Cheap Series

The FAITH of an AGNOSTIC; or,

First Essays in Rationalism. By GEORGE

FORESTER. 278 pp. 5s.

"The author's position is well and cleverly defended, and he writes with an evident sincerity that commands respect."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

A SHORT HISTORY of CHRISTI-

ANITY. By JOHN M. ROBERTSON. xii+430 pp.

6s. net; by post, 6s. 4d.

"He presents a number of other facts which Churchmen would do well to meditate over."—*Times*.
 "The work is both learned and intelligent, and no one could read it attentively without having his mind instructed and healthily cleared upon matters of the first importance."—*Scotsman*.

LAST WORDS on MATERIALISM

and KINDRED SUBJECTS. By Prof. LUDWIG

BUCHNER. Translated by JOSEPH McCABE.

With Portrait of the Author, and a Biographical

Sketch by his Brother, Prof. ALEX BUCHNER.

6s. net; by post, 6s. 4d.

"Dr. Buchner states his views throughout the volume with studied moderation."—*Daily Chronicle*.

THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

By Prof. ERNST HAECKEL. Translated by

JOSEPH McCABE. Revised Edition. Crown 8vo,

cloth, xvi+404 pp., 6s. net; by post, 6s. 4d.

"His (Prof. Haeckel's) wealth of accumulated know-

ledge enables him to sweep from one great problem to

another with astonishing ease and power."—*Knowledge*.

THE MIRACLES of CHRISTIAN

BELIEF. A Reply to the Rev. F. Ballard's

Miracles of Unbelief. By CHARLES WATTS.

Cloth, 2s. (by post, 2s. 3d.); paper covers, 1s. (by

post, 1s. 2d.).

THE BIBLE in SCHOOL: A Question

of Ethics. By JAMES ALLANSON PICTON,

M.A. (late M.P. for Leicester, and a Member of the

First School Board for London). Cloth, 2s. (by

post, 2s. 3d.); paper covers, 1s. (by post, 1s. 2d.).

ON THE PROGRESS of LIBERTY

of THOUGHT during QUEEN VICTORIA'S

REIGN. By CONSTANCE E. PLUMPTRE,

Author of "Essays in Little-Known Subjects," &c.

Cloth, 2s. (by post 2s. 3d.); paper covers, 1s. (by post

1s. 2d.).

THE RELIGION of THE FIRST

CHRISTIANS. By F. J. GOULD. Cloth 2s. 6d.

THE NEW STORY of THE BIBLE.

By W. A. LEONARD. 102 pp. cloth, 2s. (by post

2s. 3d.); stiff paper covers, 1s. (by post 1s. 2d.).

Full particulars as to the objects of the
 Association and the conditions of membership,
 with the new Annual Report, can be obtained
 gratis on application to the Secretary, C. E.
 HOOPER, 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.
 Orders should be addressed to Messrs.
 WATTS & CO., 17, Johnson's Court, Fleet
 Street, E.C., who will forward a complete List
 of Publications post free on application.

C. Arthur Pearson's Spring List

JUST PUBLISHED.

ELLEN TERRY
AND HER SISTERS.

AN AUTHORISED BIOGRAPHY.

BY T. EDGAR PEMBERTON,

Author of "THE KENDALS," &c.

With 25 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 16s.

"A charming and attractive book."—*Daily Telegraph*."The handsome volume is full of interest. It will be read with intense delight by hundreds on account of its graphic descriptions of the careers of the warmly beloved actress and her family."—*Era*.**CROWNING THE KING.**

An Account of the Coronation of English Kings and Queens up to the Present Time, and a Description of what will take place at the Forthcoming Coronation of King Edward VII.

BY ARTHUR H. BEAVAN,

Author of "Marlborough House and its Occupants," &c., &c. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, price 2s. 6d.

"Handsomely got up, full of interest and with capital illustrations, it can scarcely fail of popularity."—*Newcastle Leader*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"DAVID HARUM,"

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL NOVEL OF THE AGE.

THE TELLER.

BY E. N. WESTCOTT.

Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d. net.

This volume also contains the letters of the late E. N. Westcott and an account of his life, accompanied by illustrations.

"Profoundly interesting. No one will read it without being impressed."—*Scotsman*."Extraordinarily clever."—*Onlooker*.**TRUTH DEXTER.**

By SIDNEY McCALL.

Extra Crown 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

"A charming book, marked by a delightful freshness."—*Daily Mail*."One of the most winsome heroines of recent fiction."—*British Weekly*."This fascinating story. . . Truth Dexter is a beautiful creation."—*Onlooker*."A capital novel."—*Spectator*.**THE LOVER FUGITIVES.**

BY JOHN FINNEMORE.

Author of "The Red Men of the Dusk," &c.

Price 6s.

"A delightful romance, brightly and briskly told."—*Glasgow Herald*.**THE THEFT OF A HEART**

BY LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

Author of "Second Lieutenant Celia." Price 6s. "Ingenious, attractive and very readable."—*Spectator*.

JUST OUT.

MISS CARMICHAEL'S CONSCIENCE.

BY THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN.

Author of "Marr'd in Making."

In Dainty White Cloth Binding, Price 2s. 6d.

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO.'S
LIST.

IN PREPARATION.

With 3 Portraits. 10s. 6d. net.

WILLIAM BLACK,
NOVELIST:

A Memoir.

By Sir WEMYSS REID.

NOW READY.

Buckram, gilt top, demy 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

**FIVE GREAT PAINTERS OF
THE VICTORIAN ERA.**LEIGHTON, MILLAIS, BURNE-JONES,
WATTS, HOLMAN HUNT,

With 22 Full-Page Illustrations.

By Sir WYKE BAYLISS, K.B., F.S.A.,
President of the Royal Society of British Artists,
Author of "Rex Regum," &c.**CAPT. MAHAN'S NEW WORK.**

With Five Photogravure Portraits.

8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d. net.

TYPES of NAVAL OFFICERS:

Drawn from the History of the British Navy, with some Remarks on the Development of Naval Warfare during the Eighteenth Century. By Capt. A. T. MAHAN, Author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," "The Life of Nelson," &c.

SECOND EDITION.

MARY QUEEN of SCOTS, and

"Who Wrote the Casket Letters?" By SAMUEL COWAN, J.P. With 16 Photogravures of the Queen, all more or less famous Portraits, and some of them never before published. In 2 vols., demy 8vo, 28s. net.

"Contains the finest collection of portraits of Mary Stuart ever gathered together in one book."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

SECOND EDITION IN THE PRESS.

NAVAL BRIGADES in the

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR. By Surgeon T. T. JEANS, R.N. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

"A refreshing relief from the stereotyped publications on the subject of the war. There is nothing gruesome in the narrative, and in places it sparkles with hearty good humour. It is admirably illustrated, and is given to the public in a spirit of manly simplicity, untainted by self-glorification, which greatly adds to the reader's pleasure."—*Times*.**MRS. PALLISER'S HISTORY**

of LACE. Revised and Enlarged by M. JOURDAIN and A. DRYDEN. Handsomely bound in white buckram, gilt edges, royal 8vo, £2 2s. net. Containing 520 pages of Letterpress, 108 Full-Page Illustrations, and many Illustrations in Text.

"Lovers of lace will welcome the richly illustrated 'History of Lace.'"—*Standard*."A volume of singular beauty and completeness."—*Daily Telegraph*.The *SPECTATOR* says:—"The 'English Catalogue' is indispensable for librarians, booksellers, and others similarly employed."**ENGLISH CATALOGUE. Vol.**

VI. 1898-1900. Classified in One Alphabet, therefore requiring no separate Index Volume. Royal 8vo, half bound, 30s. net.

"We have spoken of this work, not only on the appearance of volumes, but on the production of annual parts, as one of the most serviceable we possess. Few works concerning books are consulted by us with more frequency of advantage, and the appearance of successive volumes is hailed by us with gratification."—*Notes and Queries*.**The ENGLISH CATALOGUE**

of BOOKS for the YEAR 1901. Royal 8vo, cloth, 6s. net; roan limp, 7s. 6d. net.

It contains the full Titles of all the Books of the Year 1901 under Author and Subject in One Continuous Alphabet, as well as a Classification under Leading Subjects.

The VOLUME for 1901 is NEARLY SOLD OUT.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY, LIMITED.

**CHATTO & WINDUS'S
NEW SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.**

MRS. CROKER'S New Novel,

THE CAT'S-PAW,

Having been reprinted, copies of the SECOND EDITION may now be had from all Libraries and Booksellers.

"Pamela Ferrars is a delightful study . . . An exceptionally clever novel."—*Times*."Mrs. Croker is always lively and entertaining, but in 'The Cat's-Paw' she is even more than usually interesting."—*Spectator*."Written with notable vigour of style and breadth of knowledge. . . . It has great merits as a romance, and still higher value as giving a true and vivid picture of life in India."—*Scotsman*."The novel-reading public have often expressed the wish that there were more authoresses like Mrs. Croker, more wielders of the pen who could give us these bright, entertaining, wholesome novels, never lacking in imagination, and the art to paint a character, a landscape, or the local colour of a typical society. A perusal of 'The Cat's-paw' will make them wish this once again."—*Daily Telegraph*."Mrs. Croker has written many stories, but nothing much better than 'The Cat's-paw.' It is vivacious, humorous, rich in variety of character. . . . A book which can be warmly recommended."—*Glasgow Herald*."A charming story."—*Morning Post*."The novel is full of interest and incident, the dialogue is vivacious, and the story as a whole is excellent. For an accurate description of Anglo-Indian life we much prefer Mrs. Croker's novels to anything Mr. Kipling has produced."—*Literary World*.**THE GRAND BABYLON**

HOTEL. By ARNOLD BENNETT,

SECOND EDITION.

"An excellent tale of sensation and mystery. . . . Thrilling."—*Daily Chronicle*.**FAN FITZGERALD. By H. A.**

HINKSON, Author of "O'Grady of Trinity."

"Fan" is fine."—*Literary World*.**JUDAH PYECROFT, PURITAN.**By HARRY LINDSAY, Author of "Metho-
dism Idylls," &c."Holds the reader's attention from start to finish."—*World*.**THE OLD BANK. By William**

WESTALL, Author of "With the Red Eagle."

"So clever and so spirited that no one will read it without a keen enjoyment."—*Scotsman*.**A BLOW OVER THE HEART.**

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

"Will not fail to 'thrill' the habitual novel-reader delightfully."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.**A SLOW AWAKENING. By**E. G. WHEELWRIGHT, Author of
"Anthony Graeme." [March 20.]**MAN, WOMAN, AND FATE.**By IZA DUFFUS HARDY, Author of
"The Lesser Evil," &c. [March 26.]**THE SHADOW OF THE ROPE.**

By E. W. HORNUNG, Author of "Peccavi." [April 4.]

THE ART OF FICTION. By SirWALTER BESANT. A New Edition. Fcap. 8vo,
cloth. 1s. net.**AS IT WAS WRITTEN. By T. W.**

SPEIGHT. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS. ByRICHARD JEFFERIES. Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. net;
leather, 3s. net.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.